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Vol. V.

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Nov. 1.

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
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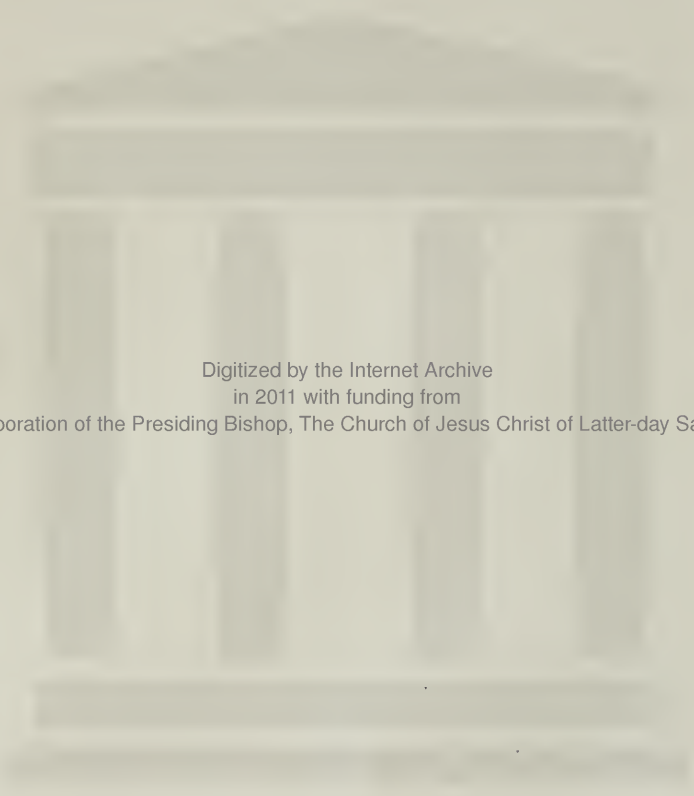
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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 1.

HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

BY HIS MOTHER, LUCY SMITH.

INTRODUCTION.

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

This history of the Prophet Joseph Smith, originally entitled, "The History of Mother Smith, by Herself," was written at the dictation of Lucy Smith, mother of the Prophet, by Mrs. Martha Jane Knowlton Coray who acted as her amanuensis. It was taken from the words of Mother Smith and dictated from memory mostly, but she also made use of such historical memoranda of the events related as were within her reach. Of the original manuscript one copy was taken which was left with Lucy Smith, while the original was retained by the writer. This original, Mrs. Coray held in her possession until her arrival in Utah, when she subsequently deposited it with President Brigham Young.

Lucy Smith died near Nauvoo, May 5, 1855; but years prior to this date, some of her effects were left in the hands of her son, William Smith, among them being the manuscript copy of this history. From William (who was the last surviving brother of the Prophet, and whose death occurred at Osterdock, Clayton county,

Iowa, November 13, 1893,) the document fell (surreptitiously it is declared by George A. Smith) into the hands of Isaac Sheen, who was at one time a member of the Church, in Michigan. When, in September, 1852, Apostle Orson Pratt went on a mission to England, he called on Mr. Sheen on his way East, and, being shown the manuscript copy, he purchased it for a certain sum of money, took it to Liverpool with him, where, without revision and without the consent or knowledge of President Young or any of the Twelve, it was published under his direction, in 1853. It was afterwards discovered that the book contained errors, occasioned by its not being carefully compared with historical data. Some of the statements in the preface written by Elder Pratt were also in error; one especially that the book was mostly written in the lifetime of the Prophet, and that he had read it with approval, was incorrect, since it was written in 1845, the year following his martyrdom. For these reasons, and others mostly of a financial character, it was disapproved by President Young, on August 23, 1865, and the edition was suppressed or destroyed. While some statements contained in the work were considered somewhat overdrawn,—a circumstance easily accounted for when we remember the age of Mother Smith, the losses she had sustained in the death of a husband and four sons, and the consequent lapses of her memory,—its many merits were fully recognized by the authorities many of whom were greatly disappointed at the necessity of issuing the order to temporarily suppress its further circulation.

Subsequently, a committee of revision was appointed by President Young, consisting of President George A. Smith and Judge Elias Smith, cousins of the Prophet, men personally familiar with the family, and thoroughly conversant with Church history. They were instructed carefully to revise and correct the original work throughout, which they did, reporting their labors to President Brigham Young, to his entire satisfaction. The revised and only authentic copy thus prepared and reported upon was retained by President George A. Smith, and shortly after his death, September 1, 1875, it was committed into my keeping, where it has remained until now.

Recently the question of printing the work as a serial in the IMPROVEMENT ERA came up for consideration, and there was a unan-

imous sentiment among the members of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. favorable to its publication. The subject was accordingly submitted and explained to President Lorenzo Snow, who gave his sanction, and his hearty approval of the enterprise.

By the presentation of this work to the public, a worthy record is preserved, and the testimony of a noble and faithful woman—a mother indeed, and heroine in Israel—is perpetuated. The book, besides giving an extended account of the progenitors of the Prophet, and the Smith and Mack families, contains much interesting and valuable information, found in no other publication, relating to the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith who, through the will of God, was the chosen instrument to perform the foundation labor for the “marvelous work and a wonder” which God has established as his Church, in the last days.

Believing that both old and young will be pleased as well as benefited by the perusal of its pages, and praying that it may inspire them with renewed zeal, and create in them additional faith in the great work of the Lord, I commend to the reader this “History of the Prophet Joseph.”

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Salt Lake City, October 8, 1901.

HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

CHAPTER I.

SOLOMON MACK, THE FATHER OF LUCY MACK—EXTRACT FROM HIS NARRATIVE.

My father, Solomon Mack, was born in the town of Lyme, New London county, State of Connecticut, September 26, 1735. His father, Ebenezer Mack, was a man of considerable property, and lived in good style, commanding all the attention and respect which are ever shown to those who live in fine circumstances, and habits of strict morality. For a length of time he fully enjoyed the fruits of his industry. But this state of things did not always continue, for a series of misfortunes visited my grand-parents, by which they

were reduced to that extremity, that a once happy and flourishing family were compelled to disperse, and throw themselves upon the charity of a cold, unfeeling world.

My father was taken into the family of a neighboring farmer, where he remained until he was nearly twenty-one years of age, about which time he enlisted in the service of his country.

I have a sketch of my father's life, written by himself, in which is detailed an account of his several campaigns, and many of his adventures, while in the army. From this, I extract the following:

At the age of twenty-one years, I left my master. Shortly after which, I enlisted in the services of my country, under the command of Captain Henry, and was annexed to the regiment commanded by Col. Whiting.

From Connecticut, we marched to Fort Edwards, in the state of New York. We were in a severe battle, fought at Half-way Brook in 1855. During this expedition, I caught a heavy cold, which rendered me unfit for business until the return of warm weather. I was carried the ensuing spring to Albany.

In the year 1757, I had two teams in the King's service, which was employed in carrying the general's baggage. While thus engaged, I went one morning to yoke my team, but three of my oxen were missing. When this knowledge came to the officer, he was very angry, and drawing his sword, threatened to run it through me. He then ordered me to get three other oxen, which I accordingly did, and proceeded with the baggage to Fort Edwards, and the next day I returned in order to find my missing oxen.

While I was performing this trip, the following circumstance occurred. About half way from Stillwater to Fort Edwards, I espied four Indians nearly thirty rods distant, coming out of the woods; they were armed with scalping knives, tomahawks and guns. I was alone, but about twenty rods behind me was a man by the name of Webster. I saw my danger, and that there was no way to escape, unless I could do it by stratagem; so I rushed upon them, calling in the mean time at the top of my voice, Rush on! rush on my boys! we'll have the devils. The only weapon I had, was a walking staff, yet I ran toward them, and as the other man appeared just at that instant, it gave them a terrible fright, and I saw no more of them.

I hastened to Stillwater the next day, as aforementioned, and finding my oxen soon after I arrived there, I returned the same night to

Fort Edwards, a distance of seven miles, the whole of which was a dense forest.

In 1758, I enlisted under Major Spenser, and went immediately over Lake George, with a company who crossed in boats, to the western side, where we had a bloody and hot engagement with the enemy, in which Lord Howe fell at the onset of the battle. His bowels were taken out and buried, but his body was embalmed, and carried to England.

The next day we marched to the breastworks, but were unsuccessful, being compelled to retreat with a loss of five hundred men killed, and as many more wounded.

In this contest I narrowly escaped—a musket ball passed under my chin, within half an inch of my neck. The army then returned to Lake George, and, on its way thither, a large scouting party of the enemy came round by Skeenesborough, and, at Half-way Brook, destroyed a large number of both men and teams. Upon this, one thousand of our men were detached to repair immediately to Skeenesborough in pursuit of them; but when we arrived at South Bay, the enemy were entirely out of our reach.

The enemy then marched to Ticonderoga, New York, in order to procure supplies, after which they immediately pursued us, but we eluded them by hastening to Woodcreek, and thence to Fort Ann, where we arrived on the 13th day of the month. We had just reached this place, when the sentry gave information that the enemy was all around us, in consequence of which we were suddenly called to arms. Major Putman led the company, and Major Rogers brought up the rear. We marched but three-quarters of a mile, when we came suddenly upon a company of Indians that were lying in ambush. Major Putman marched his men through their ranks, whereupon the Indians fired, which threw our men into some confusion. Major Putnam was captured by them, and would have been killed by an Indian, had he not been rescued by a French lieutenant.

The enemy rose like a cloud, and fired a whole volley upon us, and as I was in the foremost rank, the retreat of my company brought me in the rear, and the tomahawks and bullets flew around me like hail stones. As I was running, I saw not far before me a windfall, which was so high that it appeared to me insurmountable, however, by making great exertions, I succeeded in getting over it. Running a little farther, I observed a man who had in this last conflict been badly wounded, and the Indians were close upon him; nevertheless I turned aside for the purpose of assisting him, and succeeded in getting him into the midst of our army, in safety.

In this encounter, a man named Gersham Bowley, had nine bullets shot through his clothes but received no personal injury. Ensign Worcester received nine wounds, was scalped and tomahawked, notwithstanding which, he lived, and finally recovered.

The above engagement commenced early in the morning, and continued until about three o'clock p. m., in which half of our men were either killed, wounded or taken prisoners. In consequence of this tremendous slaughter we were compelled to send to Fort Edwards for men, in order to assist in carrying our wounded, which were about eighty in number.

The distance we had to carry them, was nearly fourteen miles. To carry so many thus far, was truly very fatiguing, insomuch that when we arrived at the place of destination, my strength was about exhausted.

I proceeded immediately to Albany, for the purpose of getting supplies, and returned again to the army as soon as circumstances would admit.

Autumn having now arrived I went home, where I tarried the ensuing winter.

In the spring of 1759, the army marched to Crownpoint, where I received my discharge. In the same year, I became acquainted with an accomplished young woman, a school teacher, by the name of Lydia Gates. She was the daughter of Nathan Gates, who was a man of wealth, living in the town of East Haddam, Connecticut. To this young woman I was married shortly after becoming acquainted with her.

Having received a large amount of money for my services in the army, and deeming it prudent to make an investment of the same in real estate, I contracted for the whole town of Granville, in the state of New York. On the execution of the deed, I paid all the money that was required in the stipulation, which stipulation also called for the building of a number of log houses. I accordingly went to work to fulfill this part of the contract, but after laboring a short time, I had the misfortune to cut my leg, which subjected me, during that season, to the care of the physician. I hired a man to do the work, and paid him in advance, in order to fulfill my part of the contract; but he ran away with the money, without performing the labor, and the consequence was, I lost the land altogether.

In 1761, we moved to the town of Marlow, where we remained until we had four children. When we moved there it was no other than a desolate and dreary wilderness. Only four families resided within forty miles. Here I was thrown into a situation to appreciate more fully the

talents and virtues of my excellent wife; for, as our children were deprived of schools, she assumed the charge of their education, and performed the duties of an instructress as none, save a mother, is capable of. Precepts accompanied with examples such as hers, were calculated to make impressions on the minds of the young, never to be forgotten.

She, besides instructing them in the various branches of an ordinary education, was in the habit of calling them together both morning and evening, and teaching them to pray; meanwhile urging upon them the necessity of love toward each other, as well as devotional feelings towards Him who made them.

In this manner my first children became confirmed in habits of piety, gentleness, and reflection, which afforded great assistance in guiding those who came after them, into the same happy channel. The education of my children would have been a more difficult task, if they had not inherited much of their mother's excellent disposition.

In 1776, I enlisted in the service of my country and was for a considerable length of time in the land forces, after which I went with my two sons, Jason and Stephen, on a privateering expedition, commanded by Captain Havens. Soon after, we set sail we were driven upon Horse-neck. We succeeded, however, in getting some of our guns on shore, and bringing them to bear upon the enemy, so as to exchange many shots with them; yet they cut away our rigging, and left our vessel much shattered.

We then hauled off and cast anchor; but, in a short time we espied two row-gallies, two sloops, and two schooners. We quickly weighed anchor, and hauled to shore again, and had barely time to post four cannon in a position in which they could be used, before a sanguinary contest commenced. The balls from the enemy's guns tore up the ground, cutting asunder the saplings in every direction. One of the row-gallies went round a point of land with the view of hemming us in, but we killed forty of their men, with our small arms, which caused the enemy to abandon their purpose.

My son Stephen, in company with the cabin boys, was sent to a house not far from the shore, with a wounded man. Just as they entered the house, an eighteen-pounder followed them. A woman was engaged in frying cakes, at the time, and being somewhat alarmed, she concluded to retire into the cellar, saying, as she left, that the boys might have the cakes, as she was going below.

The boys were highly delighted at this, and they went to work cooking and feasting upon the lady's sweet cakes, while the artillery of the contending armies was thundering in their ears, dealing out death

and destruction on every hand. At the head of this party of boys, was Stephen Mack, my second son, a bold and fearless stripling of fourteen.

In this contest the enemy was far superior to us in point of numbers, yet we maintained our ground with such valor that they thought it better to leave us, and accordingly did so. Soon after this, we hoisted sail and made for New London.

When hostilities ceased and peace and tranquility were again restored, we freighted a vessel for Liverpool. Selling both ship and cargo in this place, we embarked on board Captain Foster's vessel, which I afterwards purchased; but, in consequence of storms and wrecks, I was compelled to sell her, and was left completely destitute.

I struggled a little longer to obtain property, in making adventures, then returned to my family, after an absence of four years, about pennyless. After this I determined to follow phantoms no longer, but devote the rest of my life to the service of God and my family.

I shall now lay aside my father's journal, as I have made such extracts as are adapted to my purpose, and take up the history of his children.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORY OF JASON MACK.

Jason, my oldest brother, was a studious and manly boy. Before he had attained his sixteenth year, he became what was then called a Seeker, and believing that by prayer and faith the gifts of the gospel, which were enjoyed by the ancient disciples of Christ, might be attained, he labored almost incessantly to convert others to the same faith. He was also of the opinion that God would, at some subsequent period, manifest his power as he had anciently done—in signs and wonders.

At the age of twenty, he became a preacher of the gospel. And in a short time after this, he formed an acquaintance with a young woman of wealthy parentage.* She was the pride of the place in which she resided, not so much on account of her splendid appearance, as the soundness of her mind, and her stately deport-

* The name of this young woman was Esther Bruce; she was from the state of New Hampshire.

ment, joined with an unaffected mildness of disposition, and a condescension of manners, which were admirably suited to the taste and principles of my brother. Jason became deeply in love with her, insomuch that his heart was completely hers, and it would have been as easy to have convinced him that he could exist without his head, as that he could live and enjoy life, without being united with her in marriage. These feelings, I believe, were mutual, and Jason and she entered into an engagement to be married, but, as they were making arrangements for the solemnization of their nuptials, my father received a letter from Liverpool, containing information that a large amount of money was collected for him, and that it was ready for his reception.

On account of this intelligence, it was agreed that the marriage of my brother, as my father desired that he should accompany him to Liverpool, should be deferred until their return. Accordingly, my brother left his affianced bride, with a heavy heart, and with this promise, that he would write to her and his sister conjointly, at least once in three months during his absence. In three months after his departure, according to agreement, a letter arrived, which indeed met with a very warm reception, but it was never followed by another from him. A young man who kept the postoffice where she received her letters, formed in his heart a determination to thwart my brother, if possible, in his matrimonial prospects, in order to obtain the prize himself. He commenced by using the most persuasive arguments against her marrying my brother; but not succeeding in this, he next detained his letters, and then reproached him for neglecting her. Being still unsuccessful, he forged letters purporting to be from a friend of Jason, which stated that he (Jason Mack) was dead, and his friends might cease to expect him. He then urged his suit again, but she still rejected him, and continued to do so until within four months of Jason's return, when she concluded that she had wronged the young man, and that he was really more worthy than she had expected. The time also which Jason was to be absent having expired without his return, she believed that the reports concerning his death must be true. So she accepted the hand of this young man, and they were united in the bonds of matrimony.

As soon as Jason arrived, he repaired immediately to her father's

house. When he arrived there, she was gone to her brother's funeral; he went in, and seated himself in the same room where he had once paid his addresses to her. In a short time, she came home; when she first saw him she did not know him, but when she got a full view of his countenance, she recognized him, and instantly fainted. From this time forward, she never recovered her health, but, lingering for two years, died the victim of disappointment.

Jason remained in the neighborhood a short time, and then went to sea, but he did not follow the sea a great while. He soon left the main, and commenced preaching again, which he continued until his death.

CHAPTER III.

LOVISA AND LOVINA MACK.

The history of Lovisa and Lovina, my two oldest sisters, is so connected and interwoven that I shall not attempt to separate it.

They were one in faith, in love, in action, and in hope of eternal life. They were always together, and when they were old enough to understand the duties of a Christian, they united their voices in prayer and songs of praise to God. This sisterly affection increased with their years, and strengthened with the strength of their minds. The pathway of their lives was never clouded with a gloomy shadow until Lovisa's marriage, and removal from home, which left Lovina very lonely.

In about two years after Lovisa's marriage, she was taken very sick, and sent for Lovina. Lovina, as might be expected, went immediately, and remained with her sister during her illness, which lasted two years, baffling the skill of the most experienced physicians; but at the expiration of this time she revived a little, and showed some symptoms of recovery.

I shall here relate a circumstance connected with her sickness, which may try the credulity of some of my readers, yet hundreds were eye witnesses, and doubtless many are now living, who, if they would, could testify to the fact which I am about to mention.

As before stated, after the space of two years she began to manifest signs of convalescence, but soon a violent re-attack

brought her down again, and she grew worse and worse, until she became entirely speechless, and so reduced that her attendants were not allowed to even turn her in bed. She took no nourishment except a very little rice water. She lay in this situation three days and two nights. On the third night, about two o'clock, she feebly pronounced the name of Lovina, who had all the while watched over her pillow, like an attendant angel, observing every change and symptom with the deepest emotion. Startled at hearing the sound of Lovisa's voice, Lovina now bent over the emaciated form of her sister, with thrilling interest, and said, "my sister! my sister! what will you?"

Lovisa then said emphatically, "the Lord has healed me, both soul and body—raise me up and give me my clothes, I wish to get up."

Her husband told those who were watching with her, to gratify her, as in all probability it was a revival before death, and he would not have her crossed in her last moments.

They did so, though with reluctance, as they supposed she might live a few moments longer, if she did not exhaust her strength too much by exerting herself in this manner.

Having raised her in bed, they assisted her to dress; and although, when they raised her to her feet, her weight dislocated both of her ankles, she would not consent to return to her bed, but insisted upon being set in a chair, and having her feet drawn gently in order to have her ankle joints replaced. She then requested her husband to bring her some wine, saying, if he would do so she would do quite well for the present.

Soon after this, by her own request, she was assisted to cross the street to her father-in-law's, who was at that time prostrated upon a bed of sickness. When she entered the house he cried out in amazement, "Lovisa is dead, and her spirit is now come to warn me of my sudden departure from this world." "No, father," she exclaimed, "God has raised me up, and I have come to tell you to prepare for death." She conversed an hour or so with him, then, with the assistance of her husband and those who attended upon her that night, she crossed the street back again to her own apartment.

When this was noised abroad, a great multitude of people

came together, both to hear and see concerning the strange and marvelous circumstance which had taken place. She talked to them a short time, and then sang a hymn, after which she dismissed them, promising to meet them the next day at the village church, where she would tell them all about the strange manner in which she had been healed.

The following day according to promise, she proceeded to the meeting house, and when she arrived there a large congregation had collected. Soon after she entered, the minister arose and remarked, that as many of the congregation had doubtless come to hear a recital of the strange circumstance which had taken place in the neighborhood, and as he himself felt more interested in it than in hearing a gospel discourse, he would open the meeting and then give place to Mrs. Tuttle.

The minister then requested her to sing a hymn; she accordingly did so, and her voice was as high and clear as it had ever been. Having sung, she arose and addressed the audience as follows:—"I seemed to be borne away to the world of spirits, where I saw the Savior, as through a veil, which appeared to me about as thick as a spider's web, and he told me that I must return again to warn the people to prepare for death; that I must exhort them to be watchful as well as prayerful; that I must declare faithfully unto them their accountability before God, and the certainty of their being called to stand before the judgment seat of Christ; and that if I would do this, my life should be prolonged." After which, she spoke much to the people upon the uncertainty of life.

When she sat down, her husband and sister, also those who were with her during the last night of her sickness, arose and testified to her appearance just before her sudden recovery.

Of these things she continued to speak boldly for the space of three years. At the end of which time she was seized with the consumption which terminated her earthly existence.

A short time before Lovisa was healed in the miraculous manner before stated, Lovina was taken with a severe cough which ended in consumption. She lingered three years. During which time she spoke with much calmness of her approaching dissolution, contemplating death with all that serenity which is characteristic

of the last moments of those who fear God, and walk uprightly before him. She conjured her young friends to remember that life upon this earth cannot be eternal. Hence the necessity of looking beyond this vale of tears, to a glorious inheritance, "where moths do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

The care of Lovina, during her illness, devolved chiefly upon myself. The task, though a melancholy one, I cheerfully performed, and, although she had much other attention, I never allowed myself to go an hour, at a time, beyond the sound of her voice while she was sick. A short time before she breathed out her last moments, which was in the night, she awakened me, and requested that I would call father and mother, for she wished to see them, as she would soon be gone. When they came, she said, "Father and mother, now I am dying, and I wish you to call my young associates, that I may speak to them before I die." She then requested me to place her in a chair, and as soon as the young people who were called in, were seated, she commenced speaking. After talking a short time to them, she stopped, and, turning to her mother, said, "Mother, will you get me something to eat? it is the last time you will ever bring me nourishment in this world." When my mother had complied with her request, she eat a small quantity of food, with apparent appetite, then gave back the dish, saying, "There, mother, you will never get me anything to eat again."

After which, she turned to the company, and proceeded with her remarks, thus:—"I do not know when I received any material change of heart, unless it was when I was ten years old. God, at that time, heard my prayers, and forgave my sins; and ever since then I have endeavored to serve him according to the best of my abilities. And I have called you here to give you my last warning—to bid you all farewell, and beseech you to endeavor to meet me where parting shall be no more."

Shortly after this, holding up her hands, and looking upon them as one would upon a trifling thing unobserved before, she said, with a smile upon her countenance, "See, the blood is settling under my nails." Then, placing the fingers of her left hand across her right she continued thus, "'Tis cold to there—soon this mortal

flesh will be food for worms." Then, turning to me, she said, "Now, sister Lucy, will you help me into bed."

I did as I was directed, carrying her in my arms just as I would a child. Although I was but thirteen years old, she was so emaciated that I could carry her with considerable ease.

As I was carrying her to bed, my hand slipped. At this she cried out, "Oh! Sister, that hurt me." This, indeed, gave me bitter feelings. I was well assured, that this was the last sad office I should ever perform for my sister, and the thought that I had caused her pain in laying her on her death bed, wounded me much.

Soon after this, she passed her hand over her face, and again remarked, "My nose is now quite cold." Then, slightly turning and straightening herself in bed, she continued, "Father, mother, brother, sister, and dear companions, all farewell, I am going to rest—prepare to follow me; for

"Death! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

"In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downwards from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain

"Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long Forever there!

"See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

"He is a God of sov'reign love,
Who promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

"Prepare me, Lord for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away."

After repeating this hymn, she folded her hands across her breast, and then closed her eyes for ever.

Having led my readers to the close of Lovina's life, I shall return to Lovisa, of whom there only remains the closing scene of her earthly career.

In the course of a few months subsequent to the death of sister Lovina, my father received a letter from South Hadley, stating that Lovisa was very low of the consumption, and that she earnestly desired him to come and see her as soon as possible, as she expected to live but a short time.

My father set out immediately, and when he arrived there, he found her in rather better health than he expected. In a few days after he got there, she resolved in her heart to return with him at all hazards. To this her father unwillingly consented, and, after making the requisite preparations, they started for Gilsum.

They traveled about four miles, and came to an inn kept by a man by the name of Taff. Here her father halted, and asked her if she did not wish to tarry a short time to rest herself. She replied in the affirmative. By the assistance of the landlord, she was presently seated in an easy chair. My father then stepped into the next room to procure a little water and wine for her. He was absent but a moment; however, when he returned it was too late, her spirit had fled from its earthly tabernacle to return no more, until recalled by the trump of the archangel.

My father immediately addressed a letter to mother, informing her of Lovisa's death, lest the shock of seeing the corpse unexpectedly should overcome her. And as soon as he could get a coffin, he proceeded on his journey for Gilsum, a distance of fifty miles.

She was buried by the side of her Sister Lovina, according to her own request.

The following is part of a hymn composed by herself, a few days previous to her decease:—

Lord, may my thoughts be turned to thee;
Lift thou my heavy soul on high;
Wilt thou, O Lord, return to me
In mercy, Father, ere I die!
My soaring thoughts now rise above—
Oh fill my soul with heavenly love.

Father and mother, now farewell;
And husband, partner of my life,

Go to my father's children, tell
That lives no more on earth thy wife,
That while she dwelt in cumbrous clay,
For them she prayed both night and day.

My friends, I bid you all adieu;
The Lord hath called, and I must go—
And all the joys of this vain earth,
Are now to me of little worth;
'Twill be the same with you as me,
When brought as near eternity.

Thus closes this mournful recital, and when I pass with my readers into the next chapter, with them probably may end the sympathy aroused by this rehearsal, but with me it must last while life endures.

(To be continued.)

WORDS INSPIRED BY THE SPIRIT.

Give me the eloquence of words which are prompted by the Spirit of the Lord. It is like sweet music in mine ears. It uplifts the mind to the contemplation of the infinite, and dignifies the soul with the graces of the angels. It strengthens the weak heart, nerves the soul with the vigor of combative power against the powers of evil, and animates with renewed energy the secret forces of our spiritual natures. It is the oil of gladness that heals with its sacred balm the wounded spirit of depressed sorrow, and evokes within the heart a song of joy and praise to him who is the Author and Giver of all good.

An exemplification of the truth of the above sentiments was presented at our late semi-annual conference. The imparted words of inspiration of each one who addressed that vast audience of eager listeners, reminded the writer of the words of the Master, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." It was indeed "a feast of fat things," satisfying the mental appetite to repletion, and bringing pleasure to the memory for years to come!

GEORGE W. CROCHERON.

PRELIMINARY PROGRAM SELECTIONS.

[Criticism has reached us that some of the selections, or rather some of the ideas in the selections, published last month for the convenience of members who did not have the text-books containing the articles referred to in the Manual, were not orthodox in doctrine. Let the reader remember that these selections, while it is sought to have them high-class and appropriate, are given more for their literary merit and power to awaken thought, than for any orthodox religious doctrine they may contain. If you find wrong ideas in them, discard such, and show how much better and grander are the true doctrines of the Gospel which you have learned. It is important that we discriminate between truth and error in all that is read. It is absurd to picture the soul as possessing wings, but nevertheless, that is a beautiful thought, expressed in Pope's Dying Christian to his Soul:

My ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

We wish further to say that the selections named in the Manual are merely suggestive. If you are displeased with their simplicity, provide others of deeper meaning; and if you have better ones, use them; but be sure that those you pick out are as meaningful and as good. You will find under, "Choice Selections," in Volume Four of the ERA, a number of excellent and instructive readings; try some of them. In choosing, it is well to bear in mind that those compositions are best which are most appropriate to the main subject under discussion; so also with hymns and songs.—EDITORS.]

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

[Alexander Pope, the renowned author of "Essay on Criticism," was born in Lombard Street, London, 1688. He translated Homer and went

to live in Twickenham, where he died in 1744. He was deformed and sickly from childhood, which made his temper irritable and fretful, but he had a tender heart for his friends. Gay, Swift, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, and other famous men, were his intimate friends. It was Warburton who said of him, "He is as good a companion as a poet, and, what is more, appears to be as good a man."]

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

[Thomas Hood was born in London, May, 1799, and died in May, 1845. His complete works appeared in 1862. There is a monument in Kensal Green Cemetery, erected to his memory by public subscription. Missionaries who have been in Europe will recognize the condition portrayed in the poem which is here presented. It should be a matter of thankfulness on the part of the children of Zion, with all the troubles

that we think we have, that such pictures are not natural to our glorious mountain home.]

With fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch—in poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch she sang the "Song of the shirt!"

"Work—work—work! while the cock is crowing aloof;
And work—work—work till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save if this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,—band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep, and sew them on in a dream!

"O! men with sisters dear! O! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out, but human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch, in poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread, a shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death! that phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape, it seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own, because of the fasts I keep;
Oh God! that bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work! My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw, a crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—a table,—a broken chair,—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank for sometimes falling there.

"Work—work—work! from weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work as prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset and seam, seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed, as well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work, in the dull December light,
And work—work—work, when the weather is warm and bright.
While underneath the eaves the brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs and twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above my head, and the grass beneath my feet,
 For only one short hour to feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want and the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour! a respite however brief!
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope, but only time for Grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart, but in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch—stitch—stich! in poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—would that its tone could reach
 the Rich!

She sang this "Song of the shirt!"

FAME.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

What's fame? A fancy'd life in others' breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,
 The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "MARCUS KING,
MORMON," ETC.

Dream, O youth! dream nobly and manfully, and thy dreams shall be thy prophets.—LORD BULWER LYTTON.

PART FIRST.

I.

The hill from the inland side was not hard to climb, so the boy made rapid progress, springing from rock to grassy plat, and stepping lightly from boulder to moss-covered ledge. The promontory which he was climbing jutted from the main chain of the Dovre mountains out towards the ocean; but before it reached the sea it had been surrounded by an intricate tangle of fjords, so it was yet many miles inland. But in its eternal battle with the seaward elements, it had become scarred and seamed, and the forests of pine which covered the main chain had found but small foothold on the bare, weather-beaten promontory.

The boy at last reached the summit, and, as he stood panting, he lifted a rugged cap from a mop of straggling brown hair. The boy took deep draughts of the bracing breeze that swept over the hill from the ocean. It was about noon. A sweet May morning had awakened wild nature, and coaxed her into her loveliest mood. The sun was pleasantly warm. The boy stood erect, and looked out towards the open sea which lay beyond the fjord and a group of islands; then his eyes traced the long arm of the sea winding up into the land, until it was lost behind a distant wooded point; then landward he gazed, and there appeared naught but ridges upon ridges, covered with dark forest growth, broken now

and then with a green valley, checkered into farms and dotted with red-roofed houses; but his gaze turned seaward again, and there it seemed to linger. The boy had big, grey-blue eyes, and although he seemed to fix them on a long trail of black smoke on the horizon, caused by some passing steamer, the stare was intense, as though looking longingly farther yet into the mysterious depths of space.

The tinkle of a sheep's bell, which came up from a grassy slope below, suddenly awoke the boy from his reverie, and he hastened down again to where a small flock of sheep was quietly taking its noon rest. As the sheep would be content for yet another hour or two, the young shepherd betook himself down to the fjord, under the ledge, where the warm sun shone brightly against the rocks. A smooth beach of sand stretched along at the base of the cliff, broken into now and then by confused masses of stone which had come down from the upper slopes. Here, then, was an ideal place in which to play. Outside was the ocean, often fierce and wild, and so savage that it beat to pieces the frail vessels made by human hands entrusted to its care; but here inside, protected by a barrier of islands, the waters of the fjord were calm and beautiful, reflecting the blue sky and gray cliffs in their still depths. Outside represented the harsh, unfeeling, grown-up world of men and women; inside was the sweet, trustful, sunshine-bathed world of childhood.

The boy sat down in the sand, up farthest towards the rocks where it was warm and dry. The sand was clean—it would not soil his clothing, made, both trousers and shirt, of a coarse hempen cloth. His shoes showed patch upon patch—but his stockings were of wool, fine and warm. The wearer certainly had a good grandmother living somewhere within reach.

The boy dug in the sand with his birch stick. Then he wrote names in the smooth places. The sheep remained quiet, and so he wandered along the beach until he came to a beautiful nook where a mass of smooth stones lay against the cliff. He lifted one, and admired its clean-cut edges and corners; then it occurred to him what fun it would be to build a house with these stones so well formed to the purpose. With his stick, he outlined a three-roomed building, and began at once laying the foundation with the largest

stones, as he had seen the mason at home do. To make something, to build, is such pleasure, and the boy entered into his work with eagerness, though it was but the building of a play-house by the sea.

For a whole hour he worked, though it seemed but a few minutes to him. The walls arose gradually, and he succeeded very well in placing proper openings for windows and doors. Once in a while he would step back a short distance to survey his work, and then he was reminded of the pictures of ancient castles he had seen in a geography at school. There were no glass windows in them, and, of course, there could be none in his. If he could only raise that wall to make it look like one of those towers, with openings or spaces in the top, the effect would be quite grand. And then, the builder contemplated laying out grounds around his miniature castle, and enclosing the whole with a fence, or, better still, with a high stone wall.

Thus the boy worked and mused, and did not hear the tinkle of the sheep-bell up the hill-side. The afternoon was warm, the sky continued free from clouds, the small waves of the fjord lapped softly on the sands. In a niche above him, some soil had lodged, and in this, a bunch of tall grass and a slender willow had found root. Two birds were making a nest in this secluded spot, and were happy over their work; but their chirps and calls did not disturb the boy-builder.

He did not hear the patter of feet coming towards him from the other side of the projecting ledge, neither did he see the little girl's head as it peered around a large boulder, watching him as he worked. When his back was turned, the girl cautiously picked up a pebble and tossed it into the roofless castle. The builder did not see the first stone, but the second struck the cornerstone of the tower and slightly dislodged it. He turned quickly and saw her laughing at him from over the top of a large boulder.

"Halloo, Harald," she said. "What are you making? It looks like a castle. Is it? What a fine place to play in! Help me over this ledge, won't you, Harald?"

Startled as he was, he did not at once obey. His face flushed, and he made an effort to brush the sand from his clothes.

"Help me over, please, Harald. I want to see that beautiful

house," and the girl threw the hat she had held in her hand over the boulder. It fell squarely on the tower of the castle, where it hung like a red Viking war-shield from the walls. Then she began to climb up the rocks, but as she could get only about half way over, Harald of necessity reached his strong arms over the ledge, and, taking her hands, nearly lifted her over to his side.

"My! how strong you are!" she cried. "I wish I were as strong as you, then I would build houses, too. I don't see how you can lift those big rocks. But you are a big, strong boy, and I am only a girl, and weak and sickly at that. How I wish I had brought my dolls. Your house is very nearly big enough for me to get into, isn't it? If you'd only make the door a bit larger, now."

She prattled on, while he stood, awkwardly enough, not knowing what to say or do. He was not very well acquainted with Thora, daughter of the well-to-do merchant, Bernhard, down at Vangen. He was but the son of poor Einer Gundersen, the timberman. He had seen her a number of times at the church, and she had sometimes gone with her father to Opdal, when he had visited on business connected with the sheep. She was such a small, sickly-looking girl, Harald had thought, and he had wondered how it could be that he, who had scarcely enough to eat once a day, should be so strong, while she who, no doubt, could eat all she wanted, as many times a day as she wished, should be so pale and puny. However, Thora had always treated him well, and at one time she had persuaded her father to give him a sick lamb for a present. Though Harald had nursed the lamb carefully, it had died; and with it went the boy's distant dream of owning a flock of sheep of his own.

Thora was well and warmly dressed, although the day was not cold. The pale face had a tinge of color in each cheek. Harald had lifted her over the rocks, and now she chatted so freely with him, and admired his work. Harald's great, hungry, boyheart took her in, as the wild flower might take the warming beams of the sun; and, although he was not yet free of speech in her presence, he did forget himself and the fleeting time, as he endeavored to entertain his friend.

"Shall I build you a larger house?" he asked.

"O, no; this one is so cute. See, here we can make the lawn, and you might get some small trees, and plant them at the back.

Would they grow, do you think? Of course, the grass would not grow, but we can play that the sand is grass—it is so clean and warm anyway.”

“I’ll get some shells to put on the roof,” said he, “and moss would make a soft carpet inside.”

“Why, it will be a real castle, won’t it?” she cried in delight. “All we will need then will be some queens and kings and princes, and such folks, to live in it. Then an army might come up and try to take it. Is it strong enough, do you think? There’s the red shield now on the walls, as a challenge to battle,” at which they both laughed.

“If you will be the queen,” said he, “I—I—can be the army that fights for you and protects you in your castle.”

“But we must have a king, too,” was her answer. “It wouldn’t do to have a queen without a king, you know. Who could be king?”

“I don’t know,” said he.

And then, somehow, there came a pause in their conversation, and after she had secured her hat, they walked together towards the ledge over which Thora had come.

“I must be going,” she said, “Papa might be anxious for me. You will have to help me over again.”

“Of course, I’ll help you,” and he scrambled nimbly up the cliffs, reached down for her hand, and soon they were perched on the topmost rock, looking down the fjord to where her father and another man were fishing in a small boat, near the shore. She shouted to him, and he waved his hand to her. He saw Harald, also, but said nothing to the boy and girl.

“How beautiful it is up here!” she said. “Let’s sit here a few minutes; I’m quite tired out. Doesn’t the fjord look blue, to-day, Harald? Is it because the sky is so blue, too? Oh, look there! I can see just a tiny bit of the sea, out there between the islands! How black it looks! I’m glad I’m not a sailor, aren’t you Harald?”

“I don’t know,” said the boy, because the truth of the matter was that he had lately begun to long for the sea, and its hidden possibilities. “I’ve been out beyond the Three Trolde only once, and then I thought it great sport. The waves pitched us about merrily—”

"And made you sea sick."

"No, not very, it didn't. It's just fun!"

"Well, I don't think so—say, Harald, tell me the story of the Three Trollds, will you? I do so like to hear it."

It took some coaxing to have him talk the necessary time needed for the telling of a story, but at last he began:

Once upon a time, there were three wicked Trollds. Trollds, you must know, live only in the dark, and cannot stand the light of the sun. Therefore, whenever they wish to do anything—and it is generally to work some mischief to the human race—they must do it in the night time. Well, these three Trollds lived away back in the mountains, and were never known to visit the sea. Not that the sea had any special terrors for them, but they were land Trollds, and it is said that they often made the earth tremble when they were tumbling about too fiercely in their cave-houses under the mountains. These three Trollds had a beautiful princess in their keeping; in fact, they had stolen her from a king that lived far across the sea. This king had tried many times to rescue his child, and many princes had also tested their strength and courage against the power and craftiness of the Trollds, but to no avail. The princess was still a prisoner. So, one day Solus, Prince of the Sun, heard of the doings of the wicked Trollds, and he enquired of his father, the Sun, the secret of the Trollds' power. He was told that these beings loved the evil, and therefore they also worked in the dark. If the sunlight could once shine upon them, they would lose their power, and in some manner be destroyed. With this knowledge, Prince Solus came to this region. Naturally, the prince, having the Sun for father, shone with a brilliant light, but this he now hid under a thick, dark mantle. He managed to find where the princess was hidden, to make his way there, and to lead her out of the cave. Many other would-be-rescuers had reached so far, but the Trollds were very watchful, and so swift that they had always re-captured the princess in her efforts to escape. Prince Solus laid his plans wisely. It was nearly morning when he led the princess out. He had not traveled far before the Trollds had discovered them, and were in swift pursuit. Away he sped towards the sea! He was strong and swift, too, but the Trollds were fast gaining on him. The Trollds bellowed after the prince until the hills shook; but he paid no heed.

On they went until they got to the mountain yonder, that points out towards the sea. There the prince stopped, and the Trollds yelled in great glee, because they supposed they had them now; but no sooner had the pursuers reached the promontory and were about to grasp the terrified princess, than the prince threw off his cloak, and the brightness of the light which shone from his person blinded the Trollds, and all three fell off the cliff into the sea. Not being accustomed to water, they floundered about, and were so nearly drowned that they could not make their way back. So there they remained until the sun came up, and when its first rays shone upon them, they were turned to stone—and there they are today, three rocky islands called the Three Trollds.

Thora had sat in breathless wonder at the story. Harald told the legend as though he believed every word; and, at its close, the girl drew a long breath. Then she exclaimed:

“And did the prince marry the beautiful princess, and did they live happy ever after?”

“I don’t know,” said he; and he was about to make some further comment, but he suddenly startled. His face turned pale, and he trembled. The girl looked in the direction in which his eyes were set, half expecting to see an actual Trolld making towards them, but all she saw was Harald’s father, coming at a rapid pace down the hillside.

“The sheep, the sheep!” whispered the terrified boy; and quickly leaping from the ledge, he ran towards his father. They met at the castle of stones.

“Where are the sheep,” demanded the angry man.

“O, father, they’re just up the hill a little way, I’m sure.”

“They are not there, and not a trace of them have I seen. Where are they? What have you been doing, you lazy lounge, to neglect the sheep? They all may be in the sea, for ought you know, you—!”

Then the father caught sight of the little play-house, and it told the tale plainly. He did not see the little girl with a frightened face sitting on the rocks some rods away.

“This is what you have been doing, is it, you good-for-nothing! Making play-houses, instead of herding your sheep,” and with an oath, the man kicked down one wall of the structure at once.

"O, father, don't," the boy cried, and he rushed in between his father's angry form and the rude house of stones. "Don't father, don't knock it down! Beat me if you will, but don't spoil the house!"

Not for a moment did the boy think of himself. He had given the play-house to Thora. It was hers, and he pleaded for her. A son of the Vikings, the Viking blood was in him yet, the Viking spirit was but slumbering within the peasant-bred boy. It was for the girl that he stood up against the wrath of his father.

The boldness of the boy aroused the man to a greater anger. He took him by the arm, flung him upon the sand, and then, with kicks and shoves demolished the house; then he took the boy and fiercely shook him, until it seemed that every joint in his body must have been loosened, when he threw him on the sand again, where he lay for a few moments.

"Now, then, get up and find the sheep. If they are not brought safely home, this evening, every one of them, I'll break every bone in your body. Come, get up!"

The boy arose slowly, steadied himself for a moment, as if to get his bearings, and then went limping up the hill. The father followed.

At that moment Merchant Bernhard, fishing on the fjord, heard his little girl give a piercing scream. He looked up and saw Thora fall over in a faint, on the rocks. He hurried to her, and carried her down. When she came to again, he asked her what had frightened her.

"O, papa," she said faintly, "I don't know whether it was Harald's father, or some terrible, wicked Troid!"

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERISTICS OF DEITY, FROM A "MORMON" VIEWPOINT.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

[This lecture, originally delivered before the conference of the M. I. A. of the Salt Lake stake of Zion, August 18, 1901, has been specially edited and prepared for the ERA by the author, Elder B. H. Roberts.—EDITORS.]

PART I—FORM OF GOD.

My brethren and sisters, there are two things which conjoin to make this conference of the Young Men's and Young Women's Improvement Associations of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion an interesting occasion. One is the approaching working season of the Young Men's Associations. They will this winter take up a course of study in "Mormon" doctrine—the first principles of the Gospel, or at least, some of them; and a large division of the Manual which has been prepared for their use will deal with the subject of the Godhead. For this reason I thought the time opportune to call attention to some of the doctrinal features pertaining to this subject. The Prophet Joseph Smith, made this important statement: "It is the first principle of the Gospel to know for a certainty the character of God;" and then he added something which to some ears is a little offensive—"and to know that we may converse with him, as one man converses with another." On the same occasion, he also said: "God himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted man, and sits enthroned in yonder heavens."* Since to know the character of God is one of

* History of Joseph Smith: *Millennial Star*, Vol. xxiii, p. 246.

the first principles of the Gospel, the subject of the Godhead is given a prominent place in the Manual for our Young Men's associations during the coming season.

That is one thing which makes this conference an interesting occasion. Another thing which contributes to the interest of this conference, and also to this subject of the Godhead, is the attention which of late has been given to what is called the "Mormon view of God" by sectarian ministers among us. This interest found expression in a course of lectures during the past few months by one of the prominent ministers of this city, (this was Rev. Alfred H. Henry, Pastor First M. E. church;) and also in a discourse delivered by another minister before the Teachers' association of the Utah Presbytery, (this was Dr. Paden of the Presbyterian church, August 16, 1901) in which certain strictures were offered concerning our doctrine of God. It will perhaps be well to read the report of what, in substance was said on that occasion by the reverend gentleman who thought proper to take up this subject before that association. I read from the synopsis of his discourse published in one of the morning papers:

At this point Dr. Paden made his address, first taking up some of the standard writings on "Mormon" doctrine and reading from them the ideas of God as incorporated in the "Mormon" faith. He read from the Catechism in relation to the Godhead, wherein it is stated that there are not only more Gods than one, but that God is a being of parts, with a body like that of a man. He then read from the Doctrine and Covenants, where it is stated that the words of the priesthood are the words of God. After calling attention to the material view of God as set forth in these teachings, the speaker said that he thought he could see a tendency towards a more spiritual idea of God among the younger and more enlightened members of the dominant church, and noticed this in the writings of Dr. Talmage especially. Referring to the Adam-God idea, the speaker said that he had not investigated it much, but thought that the "Mormon" Church was ashamed of such an idea. He placed special stress on the idea that when men attempted to give God a human form they fashioned him after their own weaknesses and frailties. A carnal man, he said, had a carnal God, and a spiritual man a spiritual God. The teaching of a material God, said he, and of a plurality of Gods, I think is heathenish. The material conception of God is the crudest possible conception.

I take it that we may classify under three heads the complaints here made against us with reference to the doctrine of Deity.

First, we believe that God is a being with a body, in form like man's; that he possessess body, parts and passions; that, in a word, God is an exalted man.

Second, we believe in a plurality of Gods.

Third, we believe that somewhere, and some time, through development, through enlargement, through purification until perfection is attained, man at the last, may become like God—a God.

I think these three complaints may be said to cover the whole ground of what our reverend critics regard as our errors in doctrine on the subject of Diety.

The task before me, on this occasion, is to take this subject and present to you what in reality the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints teaches with reference to the Godhead.

Very naturally, one stands in awe of the subject, so large it is, and so sacred it is. One can only approach it with feelings of reverential awe, and with a deep sense of his own inability to grasp the truth and make it plain to the understandings of men. In the presence of such a task, one feels like invoking the powers divine to aid him in his undertaking; and, paraphrasing Milton a little, one could well cry aloud, What in me is dark, illumine; what low, raise and support, that to the height of this great argument I may justify the faith we hold of God.

Here let me say that we are dependent upon that which God has been pleased to reveal concerning himself for what we know of him. Today, as in olden-times, man cannot by searching find out God.* While it is true that in a certain sense the heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork, and proclaim to some extent his eternal power and Godhead, yet nothing absolutely definite with respect of God may be learned from those works of nature: I will narrow the field still more,, and say that such conceptions of God as we entertain must be in harmony with the doctrines of the New Testament on this subject; for, accepting as we do, the New Testament as the word of God—at

* Job xi: 7.

least, as part of it—any modern revelation which we may claim to possess must be in harmony with that revelation. Consequently, on this occasion, all we have to do is to consider the New Testament doctrine with reference to the Godhead. This, I believe, will simplify our task.

Start we then with the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is to be observed in passing that Jesus himself came with no abstract definition of God. Nowhere in his teachings can you find any argument about the existence of God. That he takes for granted; assumes as true; and from that basis proceeds as a teacher of men. Nay more; he claims God as his Father. It is not necessary to quote texts in proof of this statement; the New Testament is replete with declarations of that character. What may be of more importance for us at the present moment is to call attention to the fact that God himself also acknowledged the relationship which Jesus claimed. Most emphatically did he do so on the memorable occasion of the baptism of Jesus in the river Jordan. You remember how the scriptures, according to Matthew, tell us that as Jesus came up out of the water from his baptism, the heavens were opened, and the Spirit of God descended like a dove upon him; and at the same moment, out of the stillness came the voice of God, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." On another occasion the Father acknowledges the relationship—at the transfiguration of Jesus in the mount, in the presence of three of his apostles, Peter and James and John, and the angels Moses and Elias. The company was overshadowed by a glorious light, and the voice of God was heard to say of Jesus, "This is my beloved Son; hear him." Of this the apostles in subsequent years testified, and we have on record their testimony. So that the existence of God the Father, and the relationship of Jesus to him, is most clearly shown in these scriptures. But Jesus himself claimed to be the Son of God, and in this connection there is clearly claimed for him divinity, that is to say, Godship. Let me read to you a direct passage upon that subject; it is to be found in the gospel according to St. John, and reads as follows:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. * * * And the Word was made flesh,

and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.*

The identity between Jesus of Nazareth—"the Word made flesh"—and the "Word" that was "with God in the beginning," and that "was God," is so clear that it cannot possibly be doubted. So that the Son is God, as well as the Father is God. Other evidences go to establish the fact that Jesus had the Godlike power of creation. In this very passage I have just read, it is said:

All things were made by him; [that is, by the Word] and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men.†

One other scripture of like import, but perhaps even more emphatic than the foregoing, is that saying of Paul's in the epistle to the Hebrews:

God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds.‡

Not only one world, but many worlds, for the word is used in the plural. So that we find that God the Son was God the Father's agent in the work of creation, and that under the Father's direction he created many worlds. There can be no question then as to the divinity, the Godship, of Jesus of Nazareth, since he is not only God the Son but God the Creator also—of course under the direction of the Father.

Again, the Holy Ghost is spoken of in the scriptures as God. I think, perchance, the clearest verification of that statement is to be found in connection with the circumstance of Ananias and his wife attempting to deceive the apostles with reference to the price for which they had sold a certain parcel of land they owned, which price they proposed putting into the common fund of the Church; but selfishness asserted itself, and they concluded to lie as to the price of the land, and only consecrate a part to the common

* John i.

† Verses 3, 4.

‡ Heb. i: 1-3.

fund. It was an attempt to get credit for a full consecration of what they possessed, on what was a partial dedication of their goods. They proposed to live a lie, and to tell one if necessary to cover the lie they proposed to live. When Ananias stood in the presence of the apostles, Peter put this very pointed question to him: "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?" * * * "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God."* To lie to the Holy Ghost is to lie to God, because the Holy Ghost is God. And frequently in the scriptures the Holy Spirit is spoken of in this way.

These three, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, it is true, are spoken of in the most definite manner as being God; but the distinction of one from the other is also clearly marked in the scriptures. Take that circumstance to which I have already alluded—the baptism of Jesus. There we may see the three distinct personalities most clearly. The Son coming up out of the water from his baptism; the heavens opening and the Holy Spirit descending upon him; while out of heaven the voice of God is heard saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Here three Gods are distinctly apparent. They are seen to be distinct from each other. They appear simultaneously, not as one, but as three; and however completely they may be one in spirit, in purpose, in will, they are clearly distinct as persons—as individuals.

In several instances in the scriptures these three personages are accorded equal dignity in the Godhead. An example is found in the commission which Jesus gave to his disciples after his resurrection, when he sent them out into the world to preach the gospel to all nations. He stood in the presence of the eleven, and said:

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.†

Each of the three is here given equal dignity in the Godhead. Again, in the apostolic benediction:

* Acts v.

† Matt. xxviii: 18-20.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all.

In one particular, at least, Jesus came very nearly exalting the Holy Ghost to a seeming superiority over the other personages in the Godhead; for he said:

All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.*

I take it, however, that this seeming superior dignity accorded to the Holy Ghost by the Son of God, is owing to the nature of the third personage in the Trinity, and the kind of testimony he can impart unto the soul of man because of his being a personage of spirit—a testimony that is better than the seeing of the eye, more sure than the hearing of the ear, because it is spirit testifying to spirit—soul communing with soul—it is the soul of God imparting to the soul of man; and if men, after receiving that witness from God shall blaspheme against it, farewell hope of forgiveness for such a sin, in this world or in the world to come!

These three personages are of equal dignity in the Godhead, according to the teachings of the New Testament, which teachings, I pray you keep in mind, we most heartily accept.

This simple Christian teaching respecting the Godhead, gave birth to what in ecclesiastical history is called "The Apostles' Creed." A vague tradition hath it that before the Apostles dispersed to go into the world to preach the gospel they formulated a creed with respect of the Church's belief in God. Whether that tradition be true or not, I do not know, and for matter of that, it makes little difference. Suffice it to say that the so-called "Apostles' Creed," for two centuries expressed the faith of the early Christians upon the question of God. It stands as follows:

I believe in God, the Father, Almighty; and in Jesus Christ, his only Begotten Son, our Lord, who was born of the Virgin Mary by the

* Matt. xii: 31, 32.

Holy Ghost, was crucified under Pontius Pilate, buried, arose from the dead on the third day, ascended to the heavens, and sits at the right hand of the Father, whence he will come, to judge the living and the dead; and in the Holy Ghost.

This was the first formulated creed upon the subject of the Godhead, so far as known; and the ancient saints were content to allow this expression of their belief to excite their reverence without arousing their curiosity as to the nature of God. Happy, perhaps, for this world, certainly it would have contributed to the honor of ecclesiastical history, had this simple formula of the New Testament doctrine respecting God been allowed to stand sufficient until it should please God to raise the curtain yet a little more and give definite revelation with respect of himself and especially of his own nature. But this did not satisfy the so-called Christians at the close of the third and the beginning of the fourth century. By a succession of most bitter and cruel persecutions, the great, strong characters among the Christians by that time had been stricken down; and, as some of our historians record it, only weak and timorous men were left in the church to grapple with the rising power of "science," falsely so-called. For a long time the paganization of the Christian religion had been going on. The men who esteemed themselves to be philosophers must needs corrupt the simple truth of the "Apostles' Creed," respecting the three persons of the Godhead, by the false philosophies of the orient, and the idle speculations of the Greeks; until this simple expression of Christian faith in God was changed from what we find it in the "Apostles' Creed" to the "Athanasian Creed," and those vain philosophizings and definitions which have grown out of it, and which reduce the dignity of the Godhead to a mere vacuum—to a "being" impersonal, incorporeal, without a body, without parts, without passions; and I might add also, without sense or reason or any other attribute—an absolute nonentity, which they placed in the seat of God, and attempted to confer upon this conception divine powers, clothe it with divine attributes, and give it divine honors!

Let us now consider the form of God. In those scriptures which take us back to the days of creation, when God created the earth and all things therein—God is represented as saying to some-one:

Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. * * * So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them.

Now, if that were untouched by "philosophy," I think it would not be difficult to understand. Man was created in the image and likeness of God. What idea does this language convey to the mind of man, except that man, when his creation was completed, stood forth the counterpart of God in form? But our philosophers have not been willing to let it stand so. They will not have God limited to any form. They will not have him prescribed by the extensions of his person to some line or other of limitation. No; he must needs be in his person, as well as in mind or spirit, all-pervading, filling the universe, with a center nowhere, with a circumference everywhere. We must expand the person of God out until it fills the universe. And so they tell us that this plain, simple, straightforward language of Moses, which says that man was created in the image of God—and which everybody can understand—means, not the image of God's personality, but God's "moral image!" Man was created in the moral image of God, they say.

It is rather refreshing in the midst of so much nonsense that is uttered upon this subject, in order to hide the truth and perpetuate the false notions of a paganized Christianity, to find now and then a Christian scholar who rises up out of the vagaries of modern Christianity and proclaims the straightforward truth. Let me read to you the words of one such—the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs; and this note will be found in the Manual that your Improvement Associations will use the coming winter. It may be said, of course, by our Presbyterian friends, that Dr. Briggs is a heretic; that he has been cast out of their church. Grant it; but with open arms, he has been received by the Episcopal church, and ordained into its priesthood; and has an influence that is considerable in the Christian world, notwithstanding the door of the Presbyterian church was shut in his face. But however heretical Dr. Briggs' opinions may be considered by his former Presbyterian brethren, his scholarship at least cannot be challenged. Speaking of man being formed in the image and likeness of God, he says:

Some theologians refer the form to the higher nature of man [that

is, to that moral image in which it is supposed man was created]; but there is nothing in the text or context to suggest such an interpretation. The context urges us to think of the entire man as distinguished from the lower forms of creation,—that which is essential to man, and may be communicated by descent to his seed.—The bodily form cannot be excluded from the representation.*

I say it is rather refreshing to hear one speak like that whose scholarship, at least, is above all question. And yet still another voice; and this time from one who stands high in scientific circles, one who has written a work on the “Harmony of the Bible and Science,” which is a most valuable contribution to that branch of literature. The gentleman I speak of is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and principal of the College at Highbury New Park, England. On this subject of man being formed in the image of God, he says:

I think the statement that man was made in the Divine image is intended to be more literal than we generally suppose; for judging from what we read throughout the scriptures, it seems very clear that our Lord, as well as the angels, had a bodily form similar to that of man, only far more spiritual and far more glorious; but which, however, is invisible to man unless special capabilities of sight are given him, like that experienced by Elisha’s servant when, in answer to the prophet’s prayer, he saw the heavenly hosts surrounding the city of Dothan.

After discussing this question at some length, and bringing to bear upon it numerous Biblical illustrations, this celebrated man—Samuel Kinns—whose scientific and scholarly standing I have already referred to, speaks of the effect of this belief upon man, and thus concludes his statement on that head:

I am sure if a man would only consider a little more the divinity of his human form, and would remember that God has indeed created him in his own image, the thought would so elevate and refine him that he would feel it his duty to glorify God in his body as well as in his spirit.

But, as a matter of fact, I care not a fig for the statements of either learned divines or scientists on this subject; for the reason that we have higher and better authority to which we can

* Messianic Prophecy, (Briggs) p. 70.

appeal—the scriptures. And here I pass by that marvelous appearance of God unto Abraham in the plains of Mamre, when three men came into his tent, one of whom was the Lord, who conversed with him, and partook of his hospitality, and disclosed to him his intention with reference to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.*

I pass by also that marvelous revelation of God to Joshua, when Joshua drew near to Jericho and saw a person in the form of a man standing with sword in hand; Joshua approached him and said: "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" "Nay," replied the person, "but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." And Joshua bowed himself to the very earth in reverence, and worshiped that august warrior.† Do not tell me that it was an "angel"; for had it been an angel, the divine homage paid by Israel's grand old warrior would have been forbidden. Do you not remember the time when John the beloved disciple stood in the presence of an angel and bowed down to worship him, and how the angel quickly caught him up and said, "See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God"?‡ The fact that this personage before whom Joshua bowed to the earth received divine worship at his hands, proclaims trumpet-tongued that he indeed was God. Furthermore, he bade Joshua to remove the shoes from his feet, for even the ground on which he stood was holy.

I pass by that marvelous vision given of the Son of God to a pagan king. This king had cast the three Hebrew children into the fiery furnace, and lo! before his startled vision were *four men* walking about in the furnace, "and," said he, "the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."§ I pass by, I say, such incidents as these and come to more important testimony.

The great Apostle to the Gentiles writing to the Colossian

* Gen. xviii.

† Joshua, v. 13, 14.

‡ Rev. 22: 8, 9. Also Rev. 19: 10.

§ Dan. 3: 25.

saints, speaks of the Lord Jesus Christ, "in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins," as being in "the image of the invisible God."* Again, writing to the Hebrew saints, and speaking of Jesus, he says:

Who being the brightness of his [the Father's] glory, and the express image of his [the Father's] person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.†

In the face of these scriptures, will any one who believes in the Bible say that it is blasphemy to speak of God as being possessed of a bodily form? We find that the Son of God himself stood among his fellows as a man, with all the limitations as to his body which pertain to man's body; with head, trunk and limbs; with eyes, mouth, and ears; with affections, with passions; for he exhibited anger as well as love in the course of his ministry; he was a man susceptible to all that man could suffer, called by way of pre-eminence the "man of sorrows," and one "acquainted with grief;" for in addition to his own, he bore yours and mine, and suffered that we might not suffer if we would obey his gospel. And yet we are told that it is blasphemy to speak of God as being in human form—that it is heathenism. In passing, let me call your attention to the fact that our sectarian friends are pretending to the use of gentle phrases now. They do not propose any more to hurt our feelings at all by harshness. We are to be wooed by gentle methods. And yet they denounce a sacred article of our faith as "heathenism!" I think if we were to use such language with reference to them, they would not commend it for its gentleness.

But I have a text to propose to them:

"What think ye of Christ?"

I suppose that thousands of sermons every year are preached from that text by Christian ministers. And now I arraign them before their favorite text, and I ask them, What think ye of Christ? Is he God? Yes. Is he man? Yes—there is no escaping it. His resurrection and the immortality that succeeds

* Col. 1: 15.

† Heb. 1: 1, 2.

his resurrection is a reality. He himself attested it in numerous ways. He appeared to a number of the apostles, who, when they saw him, were seized with fright, supposing they had seen a spirit; but he said unto them: "Why are ye troubled? And why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have."* Then in further attestation of the reality of his existence, as if to put away all doubt, he said, "Have ye here any meat?" And they brought him some broiled fish and honeycomb, and "he took it, and did eat before them."† Think of it! A resurrected, immortal person actually eating of material food! I wonder that our spiritually-minded friends do not arraign him for such a material act as that after his resurrection! A Scotch Presbyterian is particularly zealous for a strict observance of the Sabbath. One who was a little liberal in his views of the law pertaining to the Sabbath was once arguing with an orthodox brother on the subject, and urged that even Jesus so far bent the law pertaining to the Sabbath that he justified his disciples in walking through the fields of corn on the Sabbath, and rubbing the ears of corn in their hands, blowing away the chaff, and eating the corn. "O weel," says Donald, "mebbe the Lord did that; but it doesna heighten him in my opinion." And so this resurrected second personage of the Godhead ate material food after his resurrection; but I take it that the fact does not heighten him in the opinion of our ultra spiritually minded folk. It comes in conflict, undoubtedly, with their notions of what life ought to be after the resurrection.

But not only did he do this, but with his resurrected hands he prepared a meal on the sea shore for his own disciples and invited them to partake of the food that he with his resurrected hands had provided.‡ Moreover, for forty days he continued ministering to his disciples after his resurrection, eating and drinking with them,§ and then, as they were gathered together on one occasion, lo! he ascended from their midst, and a cloud received him out of their

* Luke 24: 36-39.

† Luke 24: 41-43.

‡ John 21: 9-13 and Acts 10:41.

§ Acts x: 41.

sight. Presently two personages in white apparel stood beside them and said: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."* What! With his body of flesh and bones, with the marks in his hands and in his feet? Shall he come again in that form? The old Jewish prophet, Zechariah, foresaw that he would. He describes the time of his glorious coming, when his blessed, nail-pierced feet shall touch the Mount of Olives again, and it shall cleave in twain, and open a great valley for the escape of the distressed house of Judah, sore oppressed in the siege of their great city, Jerusalem. We are told that "They shall look upon him whom they have pierced and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son;" and one shall look upon him in that day and shall say, "What are these wounds in thy hands and in thy feet?" and he shall answer, "These are the wounds that I received in the house of my friends."†

What think ye of Christ? Is he God? Yes. Is he man? Yes. Will that resurrected, immortal, glorified man ever be distilled into some bodiless, formless essence, to be diffused as the perfume of a rose is diffused throughout the circumambient air? Will he become an impersonal, incorporeal, immaterial God without body, without parts, without passions? Will it be? Can it be? What think ye of Christ? Is he God? Yes. Is he an exalted man? Yes; in the name of all the Gods he is. Then, why do you sectarian ministers arraign the faith of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ. of Latter-day Saints because they believe and affirm that God is an exalted man, and that he has a body, tangible, immortal, indestructible, and will so remain embodied throughout the countless ages of eternity? And since the Son is in the form and likeness of his Father, being as Paul tells us, "in the express image of His person"—so, too, the Father God is a man of immortal tabernacle, glorified and exalted: for as the Son is, so also is the Father, a personage of tabernacle, of flesh and of bone as tangible as man's, as tangible as Christ's most glorious, resurrected body.

*Acts i: 11.

† Zech. the 12th, 13th and 14th chapters.

(To be concluded.)

ZINA D. H. YOUNG*—A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY EMMELINE B. WELLS, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY, AND EDITOR OF THE "WOMAN'S EXPONENT."

There is no doubt in the mind of the writer that the nineteenth century produced some of the greatest men and women that ever graced the earth, and that these spirits were reserved to come forth in the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, when all things are to be restored.

With the coming of Joseph Smith, and Hyrum, his brother, and with Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, great women were also born into the world, women of destiny, called and chosen beforehand as were their life-companions and associates, the men. Foremost among these, two may be named, well-known in "Mormon" history, Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. H. Young. We speak their names with reverence as we do the names of prophets and apostles; for they rank side by side with them. They were born in a period of time when women of courage, moral and spiritual, were needed to establish a principle revealed from heaven, to bless, to save and to exalt the living and the dead, yet so unpopular that all who entered into or sanctioned it were ostracised from society, and looked down upon. How grand and lofty must be the spirit of women to endure the scoffs and reproaches of relatives and friends for the sake of establishing a divine truth! Well might Dr. Seymour B. Young say in speaking of Sister Zina, "She was made of the material of which martyrs are made," for it is true; it is also true that to live

* Born Watertown, N. Y., January 31, 1821; died Salt Lake City, Utah, August 28, 1901.

for a principle, and to endure year after year insult and persecution, is harder than to die for it.

These two women, and others of their collaborators whose names are thus immortalized, assisted in establishing the principle of plural marriage in this dispensation. Looking back over the four-score years, of the life of Sister Zina, one may well say her work has been well done. Born of old Puritan stock, she inherited those sterling characteristics of fortitude and endurance that are a never failing source of strength in the battle of life.

But she inherited, besides these, many rare gifts of excellence that gave her influence and power among her fellow-beings; and withal, she possessed an indefinable charm and attractiveness that in later life made her a central figure in whatever place her lot was cast. This attractive quality matured with her years, as her good deeds multiplied.

We can safely say of her, "She went about doing good." Administering comfort and consolation to the afflicted, binding up the broken-hearted. It was as if she carried with her the "balm of Gilead" and "sacred ointment." In the sick-room, she was a ministering angel, having always something to suggest that would be soothing and restful; she was a natural nurse, and she invariably inspired confidence, in many cases one of the most successful remedies. No other woman knew better what to do when death came into a home, nor was ever woman calmer in the midst of excitement. Innumerable are her good deeds, her acts of kindness, her sweet charity. In more than fifty-five years' acquaintance, often under trying circumstances and adverse conditions, she proved ever the same gentle, loving, tender, sympathizing friend and sister. An example to all Israel is her life's devotion to the Gospel, and her testimony of the truth, which, if possible, grew brighter and stronger as the years rolled on. I have been asked many times since her demise, what were her chief attributes, her crowning virtues, her highest endowments, her greatest excellencies. It is difficult to tell wherein she most excelled, her character was so well rounded, her temperament so even, and her sympathy with all suffering so intense, that her very presence was an inspiration in itself towards a higher and better life.

As a Sabbath School teacher, she won the hearts of her stu-

dents. She had great adaptability to the capacity of children as well as a great love for them; she never grew weary of the work, nor did the young girls or children whom she taught; she gave them lessons of simple purity, whether from the Bible or the Book of Mormon; her listeners were always interested; her manner of conveying a truth was in itself convincing; she gave herself to the work, and threw her soul into her teaching.

As a public speaker, she was pleasing, both in manner and voice, and was naturally gifted with language to express her thoughts and feelings. She always rose to the occasion as though inspired with sublime emotion, when any attack was made upon the principles or institutions of our people. At no time perhaps in the long public life of Sister Zina did she sway an audience with such a burst of eloquence as at the mass-meeting of women in the Theatre that had been called to protest against interference with the practice of plural marriage. The speech was quite impromptu, a defense of the doctrine, and took all who listened by surprise.

Extracts from Mrs. Young's speech were widely published and circulated, not only in our own country, but also in England. Had Sister Zina been educated for the platform, and spoken upon general subjects, she would doubtless have won personal distinction from the world in the lecture field or pulpit; but, being only a "Mormon," she was satisfied with the love of her own people. Her sincere desire to do good and render service to others, inspired her to go wherever duty called, for the benefit of womankind and the interests of Zion; in pursuing this course, she found her truest happiness.

Numberless instances might be cited of her ministrations among the sick, when she seemed to be inspired by some higher power than her own at an opportune moment, when courage and faith had failed in those around the sick-bed. At such times she seemed an angel of mercy in very deed. On one occasion late at night when the writer was apparently near unto death, and only young girls present, except dear, blessed Mother Whitney who had been praying and interceding with the Lord for help in the hour of need, into the house, and up stairs to the sick room, walked Aunt Zina, not knowing why she had come so late in the evening. Mother Whitney was kneeling in prayer, and all were weeping; Mother

arose and exclaimed, "The Lord has sent you, Sister Zina, you can surely do something to save her." Calmly, and without losing any time, she prepared restoratives, and soon there was rejoicing instead of grief. The prayers were answered, and faith and hope revived. There is no doubt but that hundreds of the sisters could bear similar testimonies of her helpful ministrations in sorrow's dark hours, when courage was inspired in the weak, and the pillow of pain was made easy and restful.

Sister Zina had great power in blessing, and thousands have been built up and comforted to go forward in the way of duty, however dark their pathway seemed, after having been privileged to receive words of sympathy and encouragement from her. No matter how lowly, or how poor, her heart always went out to those who came to her for spiritual counsel or guidance.

In all spiritual labors and manifestations, she was greatly gifted, and no woman in Israel was more inspirational in prayer; her language was simple, but earnest and fervent, and her manner characterized by the greatest humility. Her whole life was one of untiring devotion to her Heavenly Father, and she carried this spirit of consecration into all her labors in every department.

In the early days in the Valley, when household duties were more laborious, and women of necessity made their own soap and candles, starch, molasses, and many other necessary articles; and when there were also carding, dyeing, spinning and weaving, besides the making and the mending of clothing, in addition to ordinary housework, Sister Zina excelled in all these pursuits, and was always busy; she was an early riser, a great advantage in industrial occupations; and yet withal, she still found time to help others in sickness or when in need of a friend. Her home was always a happy one, for she possessed that unfailing cheerfulness that made the atmosphere of her surroundings happifying for children and for young people.

In the Lion House, where she lived many years while rearing her children, and also after they were grown, her apartments were always bright and attractive to all the young people of that wonderful household. She possessed in the largest degree the motherly element of character which entitled her, without reservation, to the appellation, Mother in Israel.

Sister Zina was a zealous laborer in the Lord's vineyard in temporal as well as in spiritual things, and though her strongest capabilities lay in nursing the sick (and assuredly she would have made an eminent physician had she been educated in the profession), yet in many other directions her sphere of industrial helpfulness was apparent. One of her most useful and beneficial fields of labor was in sericulture; she raised cocoons with her own hands, and had charge of a large cocoonery and mulberry orchard as long as her health permitted. She was chosen President of the Deseret Silk Association when it was organized, June 15, 1876; her labors were indefatigable in the silk enterprise, and she never lost interest in it while she lived.

Our young people of today know Sister Zina best in her sphere of usefulness in traveling among the several organizations of women and children in the Church throughout the settlements and stakes of Zion, and elsewhere, for she has visited the Sandwich Islands mission, and other parts of the United States, east and west, north and south. Her name is a household word among the Saints, and her teaching and example are indelibly engraved upon their hearts and memories.

Since the April conference, 1888, she presided over the Relief Society, the largest organization of women in the Church, and so faithfully and efficiently were her duties performed that at her funeral services, President Lorenzo Snow in his remarks said that he did not know of a woman whose duties in life had been performed more effectually than hers; that, in viewing her past life, he was filled with pride and thanksgiving.

Her last words to the conference of the Relief Society in October, 1900, in the Assembly Hall, the last gathering of the general society over which she presided, were these:

If I had the power to bless you, my sisters, more than you are blessed, I would do so, but the blessings of heaven are with us. I always feel like a babe in the hands of my Father in Heaven. Sisters, never speak a word against the authorities of this Church. May we each of us have wisdom to impart the true principles to our children, and to our companions, and to the world. I rejoice in the spirit that has filled this house; the sweet peace, the loving forbearance of our Heavenly Father, that

take us into sacred nearness to him. I pray that we may all meet together again in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Sister Zina's life was so complete and well rounded, that no defects are noticeable in reviewing it; it may truly be said of her, "In her tongue was the law of kindness." We know there must have been occasionally dark places, but there was also sufficient light and shade blended to produce harmony in the soul; and, though she passed through the scathing fires of persecution, she came out more than conqueror, having learned not only how to suffer and grow strong herself, but also how to help others, who were weak and sorely tempted, to profit by her experience, her example of meekness, and her submission, and thus to approach nearer the divine character of the blessed Savior.

Not only was Sister Zina's life enriched by her having to drain sorrow's cup sometimes to the bitter dregs, but she has benefitted others by bequeathing to them the virtues that adorned her more truly than jewels of fabulous worth; these jewels she has left, not only to her posterity, but also to the youth of Israel, and they are of priceless value. May they cherish these rare gems of virtue, purity and truth, and emulate her heroic examples, that their lives may be sweeter, purer and nobler because of this blessed heritage.

So shall her life be an incentive to stimulate the best characteristics in the youth of Zion, her name be honored, and her praises sung by the children of the Latter-day Saints, whom she so dearly loved from the depths of her great mother-heart.

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall gladden the two or three
High souls, like those far stars, that come in sight
Once in a century:—
But better far it is to speak
One simple word which, now and then,
Shall waken their free natures in the weak
And friendless sons of men."



GOVERNOR HEBER M. WELLS
FIRST GOVERNOR STATE OF UTAH

FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF UTAH.

HEBER M. WELLS.

Hon. Heber M. Wells, of whom the ERA herewith presents a splendid portrait, is the first governor of the state of Utah, and has also the distinction of being the first "son of the soil" elected as her executive. He was born in Salt Lake City on the 11th day of August, 1859, and is the son of Gen. Daniel H. Wells, the special friend of the saints in Nauvoo, and one of the staunch personalities of the Church, and in the founding and early growth of our commonwealth. Like his father, Governor Wells is an unflinching supporter of those principles of government that he perceives underlie the growth and welfare of our state and country. His education was obtained in the public schools of the city of his birth, and in the University of Utah; while in Salt Lake City and in Utah, all his interests and ventures have been centered.

Beginning with his earlier years, he was a favorite in public entertainments provided by the Home Dramatic Company, of which he was one of the founders, and in which he gained the reputation of being a clever amateur actor. He also supported famous stars, who in those days on occasions visited Utah. Roles of the heroic type were admirably sustained by him, though he displayed great versatility in other lines as well. He received some flattering offers for the stage, but his fondness for business and politics overcame his love for the drama, and he therefore soon abandoned the footlights, apparently forever, for business pursuits, and for the public service, in which he has been prominent for many years.

From 1882 to 1890, he served as recorder of Salt Lake City, acting also at least twice during that period as chief clerk in the senate of the legislature. He has served two years as a member of the board of public works of Salt Lake City; was secretary of

the constitutional convention of 1887; became the cashier of the State Bank of Utah at its organization in 1890; and was a member of the constitutional convention of 1895, which framed the constitution of our state. He was the Republican nominee for mayor of Salt Lake City, in 1892, but was defeated by the Liberal candidate, Hon. R. N. Baskin. In November, 1895, he was elected governor of Utah, taking the oath and entering on his duties January 4, 1896; he was also nominated by acclamation and re-elected by an overwhelming majority for a second term, in 1900, a rare distinction which clearly indicates the confidence which his party and the people impose in his ability, discretion, and integrity, as their executive. Governor Wells is justly recognized as a leader among men, a man who has been eminently successful in whatever enterprise he has enlisted his energies. His many friends admire him for his sterling worth and good fellowship. He is a warm supporter and an ardent advocate of the public school system, as a means for the perpetuation of those principles and ideas that create noble characters and good citizens. He is a staunch friend of law and order, and, while recognizing the cause of organized labor, he is opposed to all unlawful methods and violence in those seeking to redress real or imaginary wrongs. In matters pertaining to both religion and politics, he is a firm believer in the fullest individual liberty; and, as an advocate of home industry and protection to American industries, he ranks among the most enthusiastic of his party.

Governor Wells has thrice been married. Twice, after a brief period of marriage, he was overwhelmed by the crushing sorrow that comes with the death of a loved companion. In each case the young wife who was taken from him was known for her beauty, excellent social qualities, and fine traits of character. He was married a third time on June 5, 1901, to Miss Emily Katz, a pleasing and accomplished woman, a former newspaper writer, who has made her way in the world by dint of her own industry and perseverance. That Governor Wells has given satisfaction to all classes, as far as this can be done in his difficult office, was amply demonstrated by the great majority of votes which he received at his reelection to the office of governor. Still in the zenith of a young manhood, and with a good record behind him, his future gives promise of a bright career.

SOME LEADING EVENTS IN THE CURRENT STORY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

President Roosevelt.

It is something like twelve years since Theodore Roosevelt came into national prominence. He was only about thirty years of age when he was made chairman of the Civil Service Commission of the United States, by President Harrison. This appointment came to him in recognition of his efforts to better the civil service, both of the state and national government, by making certain offices a matter of qualification rather than a matter of political preference. Mr. Roosevelt was the author of the New York civil service law which became a model for the Federal government. Since then, Mr. Roosevelt has occupied the positions of chairman of police commissioners of New York City, assistant secretary of the navy, colonel in the Spanish-American war, governor of New York, vice-president of the United States, and, lastly, president. All of these important places have been filled within the last twelve years.

This rapid career in the life of our president has been largely the result of his untiring energy; honesty, and ability. Those who have come in contact with Mr. Roosevelt have been struck by the restless energy that seems to actuate him in all that he does. If there has been one guiding principle in his life to which he has attributed the highest importance, it has been work. Work comes to him as a sense of duty, as the fulfillment of a man's obligation to himself and to his country. It is the virtue he emphasizes in

his public addresses, and has come to be a sort of settled religious conviction in his own mind. His present exalted position in public life is largely the result of his own ambitious efforts and high patriotic motives.

Mr. Roosevelt is a man of rare literary ability, possessed of a direct and vigorous style of diction. As an illustration of his expression, his first proclamation is in some respects a model. The following lines give us an excellent illustration: "President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellow-man, of much endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude; and both the way in which he lived his life, and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people."

President Roosevelt's methods in political life have not been those ascribed to the ordinary politician. There has been a firm devotion to his country and a patriotic spirit he has carried with him into every station in political life which it has been his good fortune to occupy. He is completely trusted by the people, his enemies have never questioned his motives, no word of aspersion has been cast upon his integrity, whatever his enemies may have said concerning the wisdom of his conduct.

As a man of a family, he represents a high ideal. His speech at the state fair, at Minneapolis, very clearly indicated that he had no use for a wilfully barren woman, any more than he had for an idle man. He is the father of six children. He believes in children. He thinks it the duty of every American to contribute to the population of his country his full and honest share.

President Roosevelt is the youngest man that has ever occupied the White House. The 27th of October was his forty-third birthday. Mr. Roosevelt is not an impetuous, hasty man, in the sense in which those words are usually understood. He is quick to action, not because of any impetuosity, but because he is quick to think, and when he reaches a conclusion as to what is right, he is equally quick to act.

Unusual interest will be manifested throughout this and other countries respecting our President. He is an uncommon character, and, perhaps, cannot be said to resemble in any respect any man who has heretofore occupied the exalted position which he holds in

this nation. His conduct in office has always been of that independent kind which is based upon the theory that the office he holds is the last he ever expects to receive. The people of Utah are pleased to realize that our fair state has received a visit from the President; that he knows something of the people from personal observation and contact.

Government Ownership of Railways.

A considerable number of people in this country advocate the ownership and operation of our railways by the general Government, and, to support their argument in favor of such ownership, they point out the successful operation of the postal service under Federal management, and the further fact that railroads are operated in European countries by the governments. The United States and England are the only two countries in which railroads are not more or less under the control or management of the national government. In France, by an agreement in 1883, six large private railroads had their rights recognized by the government with a provision that French railroads, which had received large subsidies from the government, should go to the state in the second half of the present century; so that it is only a question of about fifty years, or a little more, when France will own its own railways.

In Holland and Italy, the governments own the railways, but they are leased to private companies. This arrangement is not generally satisfactory to the people of those countries. Austria and Hungary own their roads; so does Russia. In 1882, there were fourteen thousand miles of railroad in the empire of the Czar, and only about forty miles were owned by the government. Recently, the mileage has increased to something like twenty-five thousand miles, and of this more than sixteen thousand miles belong to the government. In Denmark, out of one thousand one hundred and sixty miles of railroad, five hundred and twenty-five are private railroads. Sweden has two thousand three hundred miles of government, and four thousand three hundred and eighty-seven miles of private, railways. On January first of this year, the railroads of Switzerland were for the first time operated by the general government.

It is by no means certain that operation of railroads by the governments in European countries has any distinct advantage over this country or England. Americans who travel in Europe, as a rule, prefer our own system, neither do they find the rates there cheaper than here. Our cars are very much superior, station accommodations are better, and there is more of an equality among those who patronize the roads. There is some classification in this country, but, as a rule, the great mass of people receive accommodations alike.

It may be that the growing tendency of European countries to possess their own roads will in the future find favor both in the United States and in England. At present, however, there does not seem to be anything like approaching a majority in the United States ready to advocate government ownership.

Transportation by Canals.

The expense of transportation by water is so much less than that by railroads that countries of Europe are building canals at enormous expense for the purpose of developing internal commerce. Austria has just launched a scheme for the construction of a system of canals, which, it is said, will cost that country something like one hundred and fifty-two million dollars. The expense of these great waterways will be borne by the general government, and by the cities which derive the greatest benefit from their construction. Bonds are to be issued, and the work is to be begun at once. A glance at the map of Europe will convince one of the great task that country has before it, and the extent of country to be opened by these great waterways.

In the first place, it is proposed to construct a canal from the Danube to the river Oder. This canal will open Northern and Central Austria, and bring the products of Northern Austria down into the Danube to be carried down that river to the Black Sea. The Oder river, as it is observed, will open traffic into the Baltic. Some distance west in the northern part of Austria, another canal is to be built connecting the Danube with the Moldau. The Moldau is chiefly in Bohemia, and this river will have to be deepened from Budweis to Prague. Then from the canal connecting the Danube and Oder, a third canal is to be built to the upper Elbe. The Elbe

itself will have to be deepened in order to permit navigation near its head waters. From the same Danube-Oder canal, another is to be built to the Vistula and some portion of Dniester in Western Russia. This enormous system of canals in Austria would open up navigable waters in that country extending over a distance of something like one thousand miles. It would increase vastly the productive powers of the country by enabling the people to get their products to the markets. Along with increased production, there comes the necessity of increased powers of transportation. The productive powers of millions of acres of land, both on the eastern and western continent, are at present almost wholly neutralized by improper means of transportation. When these great canals shall be opened in Austria, coal, lumber, and other products will find their way into the markets of the world.

At the same time that Austria is launching its great schemes for canals, Russia is surveying an enormous canal from St. Petersburg to the White Sea, in the north. This canal will cover a distance of over five hundred miles and is to be of the enormous depth of thirty-one feet, and will have a surface breadth of two hundred feet, in order that the large cruisers may find passage. The canal will extend from the river Neva to Lake Ladoga, thence across the lake to Svir river, and through its entire length to Lake Onega. From this lake, a canal will extend due north to Sego Lake and then by canal to Vigzero Lake. From this lake, the canal will extend to the Gulf of Onega and the White Sea. This canal is intended for strategic as well as for commercial purposes. The Russian fleet and the Baltic fleet can by it have direct communication within the dominion of the Czar, and also the provinces about the Baltic Sea, whose fertile lands for wheat-raising are well known, and whose great timber belts will be opened to the markets of the world. Russia is truly opening the unbounded resources of her vast empire on such a gigantic scale as to make her one of the foremost competitors of the world, in furnishing to European and American markets the vast yields of her grain fields and mines.

The Suez Canal and European Trade.

Ever since the construction of the Suez Canal, the trade carried on between Europe and Asiatic countries, and the islands of

the Pacific, has been through that celebrated waterway. A careful registry of ships and their tonnage has been kept so that the Suez Canal furnishes us some interesting statistics of the merchant trade which the countries of Europe are carrying on with the Orient. What is most striking in these statistics is the fact that England is losing ground, while Germany is now rapidly advancing. In the last five years, England's trade through the canal has fallen off about 227 vessels of 286,359 tons, while Germany's trade has increased 140 vessels of 926,650 tons. In 1896, England had sixty-seven per cent of the total trade. In 1900, she had only fifty-seven per cent. In 1896, Germany had nine per cent, last year she had fifteen per cent. It is to be noted that the German ships are larger than those of Great Britain. Twenty years ago, only fifteen German ships passed through the canal within a year; last year, the number reached 462. This shows that England is compelled to yield some of her supremacy to her great German rival. Germany is making unbounded efforts to capture as much as she can of Oriental trade, hence her showing on the Suez Canal.

South Africa.

England is still carrying on war by proclamations as well as by soldiers. The fifteenth day of September was the date fixed for the surrender of the Boer army or the subjection, when caught, of all Boer generals, to exile from their native land. The world has not been prepared to regard the contest going on in that country as merely a guerrilla warfare. Such tactics as the Boers have adopted are those common to some of the most important wars in history. It is not believed, however, that they can eventually win; but the Boers are, at any rate, carrying out the promise made to England before the war began, that, if England precipitated war in that country, they would make it one of the most costly that England had ever had to endure.

This country has reason, from a commercial standpoint, at any rate, to hope for its speedy termination. Our exports to South Africa have fallen off very materially, in consequence of the delay to which our merchandise is subjected when it reaches Capetown. English steamers carrying the mail from Southampton are of course

admitted to the wharfs in preference to the ships of all other countries, in order that the mail may be landed. Of course, this permits ships which carry a little mail and much merchandise to land their merchandise while other ships are waiting in the harbor. In order to avoid this, shippers in this country have been compelled to have goods shipped first to Southampton, and then put aboard a British merchant vessel bound for South Africa.

It has been stated that the recent meetings of the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, and the President of France, had in view proposals of peace to Great Britain. There is, however, no ground for such reports, and it is wholly unlikely that any country will interfere in the least with the English program in South Africa.

Affairs in China.

After long months of delay, postponements, and much ceremony, all of which are peculiar to the Chinese, the peace treaty between European countries, or the protocol, as it is diplomatically called, has been signed. Peking has now been wholly evacuated by foreign troops. Indeed, there were only a few within the city.

One of the most important changes that has taken place in foreign relations with that country has been in the provision made, that, hereafter, foreign nations will communicate their affairs through Prince Ching, who has been one of the Chinese negotiators in the difficulties between Europe and that country. With this prince, two foreign ministers will be associated, so that, hereafter, the great annoyance to which ambassadors to China have been subjected will be removed. Heretofore, the custom has been to transact all foreign business through a sort of cabinet called the Tsung-li-Yamen.

The empress dowager, however, it would appear, is to remain with the emperor. This seems the most unfortunate condition of the treaty. Her influence is known to be pernicious, and the emperor will in all probability, remain, for some time yet, a mere figurehead. The universal opinion is that the empress dowager is a woman of ability, and it may be that recent events have taught her a lesson, and that hereafter she will respect the rights of foreigners in the empire.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PRESIDENT LORENZO SNOW.

How rapidly the veteran ranks are thinning! Presidents Woodruff, Richards and Cannon are recently gone; and a hundred aged leaders in the stakes of Zion it seems have only yesterday followed to their rest. And now the Saints are called to mourn the departure of President Lorenzo Snow, who for nearly sixty-five years of his busy life has been an active minister among his people—sixty-five years, too, of wonderful achievement wrought in the midst of privation, toil and hardship, in all of which, with childlike confidence in God, and love for his fellow men, he fully, cheerfully, bravely, and with unwavering determination bore his share of the day's heat and burden.

Lorenzo Snow, the fifth president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints passed away at his home in the Bee Hive House, Salt Lake City, Utah, Thursday, October 10, 1901, at 3:35 o'clock p. m. The cause of his sudden death was a cold contracted some weeks before which was not considered serious, but which later developed into bronchitis. He was unable to attend more than one meeting of the semi-annual conference—on Sunday afternoon of the 6th, when he gave his last address to a vast congregation assembled in the great tabernacle.

The burden of his last message to the Saints was, "God bless you." Upon the presidents of stakes, and high councillors, he specially placed the sacred responsibility of the local government of the fifty stakes of Zion, enjoining them to regard and take an interest in the people in their various dominions, as they would

members of their own families, studying wherein they may best render them help, physical, spiritual and financial. He repeatedly cautioned them not to forget his words, and that they must remember that it is their duty to look after these things. It is not the business of the apostles. They, with the seventies, are chosen to care for the interest of the world, as special witnesses of the gospel unto the nations. He also announced that he had chosen a counselor, in place of the late President George Q. Cannon, since he felt his age, and desired more help. At the same meeting, President Joseph F. Smith was sustained as his first counselor, and Elder Rudger Clawson as his second.

President Snow was in the harness till the last day of his life. His last public signature was to the letter of introduction to the bishops and presidents of stakes, carried by the fifty-eight missionaries of the Y. M. M. I. A. who were set apart for their missions on October 8. This he signed on Tuesday evening at 6:30. On Wednesday, he was seriously ill, and, as stated, he died in the afternoon of Thursday. It is a noteworthy fact that the signature to the document above referred to was the first and only one signed by the new First Presidency as sustained at the October conference.

The young people, and particularly the officers of the Improvement Associations, have special occasion to remember President Snow because of the blessings which he promised to them at a conference held on the 30th of May, 1898. On that occasion, he spoke to them on the subject that seemed to be uppermost in his mind—the subject of tithing—and plead with the young people to observe the law of the Lord, that this might be a land of Zion unto them. His address is found in Vol. 2, page 792, of the ERA. At the close of President Snow's address, the following resolution was presented by Elder B. H. Roberts:

“Resolved: That we accept the doctrine of tithing, as now presented by President Snow, as the present word and will of the Lord unto us, and we do accept it with all our hearts; we will ourselves observe it, and we will do all in our power to get the Latter-day Saints to do likewise.”

This resolution was unanimously adopted by all present rising to their feet and shouting, “Aye.”

President Francis M. Lyman arose and said: "President Snow, I believe this body of men is about as clear upon this law, and have about as faithfully met their obligations in regard to tithing as any body of men in the Church. It is a splendid thing, brethren, for us to be always in shape to accept the will of the Lord when it comes."

It was at this moment that President Snow, visibly affected, arose and said: "Brethren, the God of our fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, bless you. Every man who is here who has made this promise will be saved in the Celestial Kingdom. God bless you. Amen."

We believe that the young men have kept their promise thus far, but it is their duty now and in the future to faithfully remember their obligation, not only strictly to pay their tithing themselves, but also to use their influence to get all the young people to do likewise. This is an important labor that should not be forgotten. The blessings that have followed the observance of this law is perceptible in all parts of Zion. Not only is the Church prosperous, but as individuals, men are coming out from under the bondage of debt, and the blessings spiritual and temporal are upon them. With the promise so fulfilled, the duty of the future is plain.

President Lorenzo Snow was born at Mantua, Portage County, Ohio, April 3, 1814, and entered Oberlin College at twenty-one years of age, where he received a good education. In 1836, he was baptized into the Church, and in the following year began his ministerial career. Three years later, he went with Parley P. Pratt to Europe on his first mission, and while in England published a religious pamphlet, "The Only Way to be Saved," a work that has served to familiarize more people, in more languages, with the first principles of the gospel, than any other publication of the kind ever written; and through which, though dead, he will continue to bear his testimony to the nations. Returning to America in 1843, at the head of two hundred and fifty converts, he conducted, in the year following, a vigorous campaign in Ohio for Joseph Smith for President of the United States. Later, he taught the grammar school in Nauvoo, and finally, after much sickness and tribulation, arrived in Salt Lake Valley in 1848. On the year following, having first been ordained an Apostle on

February 12th, he opened the Italian mission, translating the Book of Mormon. Returning in July, 1852, after three years absence, he was elected a member of the territorial legislature, where he served three terms in the house and twenty-three in the council, until 1882. With fifty families, he founded Brigham City, in 1855, where he dwelt, established the united order of Brigham, and presided over the Box Elder Stake for twenty-two years, until August 1877, serving also on two missions during this period—in 1872 with George A. Smith to Europe and Palestine, and, in 1864, to the Sandwich Islands. It was in March while on this latter mission that he was providentially saved after being drowned in the Pacific. About the time the “raid” was in full force, in November, 1885, he was convicted of unlawful cohabitation, and sentenced to three terms of six months each in the Utah penitentiary, serving eleven months, and being later released on a writ of *habeas corpus*. On the 6th of April, 1889, he became president of the quorum of Twelve Apostles, which position he magnified until he was made President of the Church, September 13, 1898, eleven days after the death of President Woodruff. He chose as his counselors George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith.

When he became President, the Church, owing to the troubles incident to the confiscation of its property, was largely involved in debt, and so he set about to relieve the financial strain by authorizing two bond issues aggregating a million dollars, thus paying the most pressing obligations of the Church, and materially reducing the interest rate. Then followed the movement which revived the observance of the law of tithing,—a movement which has marked his administration as one of the most notable in the history of the Church. It began by meetings in St George and the South, in May, 1899, and was followed by a universal gathering of the leading authorities of the Priesthood in the Temple, whence the message of reform, like a wave, rolled over every stake of Zion, awaking the people to their duty. The Saints were reminded of the promise that this would be a land of Zion only to those who obeyed the divine law in relation to tithes and offerings. They must pay their tithes, not alone to release the Church from debt, which was a mere incident, but because it is a command of the Lord and must be obeyed. Past remissness would be forgiven, but

in the future, there must be no neglect of the heavenly law. It was promised that if the law were obeyed, great blessings would come to the Saints; while if it were not heeded, the Lord for their disobedience would scourge them with calamities. The people responded in humility and love, and tithes and offerings came as never before. President Snow grew in their estimation as they in the fear of God. Their conditions improved, prospects brightened, and with them came improvements in the affairs of the Church. At no time has God showered blessings upon his people in greater abundance than since they began to comply with this law. The floating obligations of the Church were paid; and means are on hand to meet all obligations, as they become due. Changes and improvements followed, with great temporal as well as spiritual revivals, that promise mighty results for the future.

The Bee Hive block was divided, making two new streets—College Avenue and Temple Street; the Bee Hive was made the official residence of the President; old, unsightly landmarks were removed, and the Church property renovated; the Latter-day Saints University was established, and one of its buildings erected; the Brigham Young Memorial Building and Barratt Hall were begun; the Woman's building was founded and encouraged; the tabernacle organ was remodeled; organ recitals were instituted; the magnificent *Deseret News* building was nearly completed; the printing of Church publications was taken from private printers and placed in the hands of the Church printing office; and the *Deseret News* greatly improved and made the official organ of the Church. To President Snow must be given the credit, in the hands of God, of inaugurating this progressive business policy.

Of his chief personal characteristics, Historian Orson F. Whitney says:

President Snow's mentality was a rare and varied combination. He was a natural financier, and at the same time a spiritually minded man, of literary tastes and poetic temperament. He was not sanctimonious; he could not be a fanatic or a bigot if he wished. He was too well-balanced for that—too broad-minded and charitable. He would never persecute a man for his opinions, nor interfere with his religious worship, however much he might disapprove of them. At the same time he was a pattern of piety, an exemplary Christian gentleman, zealous in and

devoted to the cause that he deemed divine. No tyrant, but a man of firm will, prompt in deciding, fearless and thorough in executing his purposes. No politician, yet wisely politic, regardful of proprieties and of all men's rights. No one ever imposed upon him without his knowing it, and few cared to impose upon him twice. Bland and soft-spoken, as a rule, he could be stern, and was plain and straightforward in expressing his opinions. Once convinced of the correctness of an idea, a doctrine, principle, policy or course of conduct, he adhered to it with inflexible resolution. In his public discourses he spoke straight to the point, and his manner and diction were entirely without ostentation. While spirited and independent, he was not combative in his disposition, but was essentially a man of peace, a humanitarian. * * * *

There was not in all Utah, nor in the entire West, a more interesting personality than this great Prophet, Seer, Revelator and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. * * * Placidity of mind, even in the midst of trouble and danger, was characteristic of President Snow. He made the best of every situation, and readily adapted himself to his surroundings, however uncomfortable and oppressive they might be, holding it to be the part of true wisdom, the optimistic stoicism expected of a saint, to seek to derive from every condition the knowledge and discipline which the All-wise Dispenser of human affairs intended that condition to bestow. He undoubtedly owed to this faculty and disposition, quite as much as to his virtuous and temperate life, that remarkable perpetuation of youthful vigor, which, like the Gulf stream in Arctic waters, softened and tempered for him the frostiness of age.

With song, and music, and eulogy, mingled with the tears of old and young, President Snow's body was laid to rest, Sunday, October 13, on the hillside, in the cemetery above the beautiful settlement, Brigham—city of his founding. His spirit is exalted with the just. To him went out, in death as they had in life, the love and respect of a mighty and peculiar people, all of whom, if it had been possible, would gladly have placed flowers upon his bier; or, like the children of Box Elder, bestrewn with blossoms the pathway of his last journey.

ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY.

And so the prophet's lips are sealed, a noble workman of our Father is carried away, but the work of our God falters not upon its march of triumph. Other men are chosen who will make it

equally effective in their day. Other servants of the Lord have had conferred upon them the authority of the First Presidency. The First Quorum in the Church is again completely organized. On Thursday, October 17, 1901, at the meeting of the Apostles in the Temple, Joseph F. Smith was chosen and set apart as the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and he selected as his counselors, John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund. Brigham Young was chosen and set apart as President of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles. The Priesthood and the Saints have been called to meet in special conference on November 10, 1901, to ratify this organization. The prayers of the Church will ever ascend in behalf of these brethren, while the work of the Lord, having auspiciously begun another administration in the history of its achievements, will continue to advance in the pathway of its glorious destiny!

THE ACTIVE LIFE.

If one quality more than another shines forth in the life of our new Chief Magistrate, Theodore Roosevelt, it is work. In his famous Chicago speech of April, 1899, he proclaimed the strenuous life, thus repeating the admonition of ages given in both Bible and profane history. He said:

"I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life; the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shirk from hardship or from bitter toil, and who, out of these, wins the splendid, ultimate triumph."

Although younger than any man who before has held the presidency of the United States, President Roosevelt has fully exemplified his own doctrine in his own life. It is said that in youth he was weaker than most boys, but he became strong by determined exercise and right living. His intellect was not brilliant,

but who shall say that he has not done more with the talents entrusted to him, than many a genius. By that mysterious circumstance which we call accident of birth, he was from the first placed beyond creature wants, and yet he has toiled harder, more zealously, longer and better, than most men who must work for daily bread. The results have been wonderful, for, aside from his own progress, the whole state of New York has been made better by his powerful moral influence, wielded in its government; and the nation has received uncounted benefit in the advancement and betterment of its civil service,—for the President is a vigorous advocate of the merit system in politics; his achievements in literature, and on the field of battle in the interest of liberty, are glorious examples and fitting material upon which to build the superstructure of greater accomplishments in the office which he now holds, and which is the greatest gift of the greatest nation on earth.

And so our new Executive's career is a worthy illustration of life in its high and true sense—a life of activity and toil, even when such activity is not necessary to keep body and soul together, or to provide for the luxuries of life.

The lesson to be impressed from his career is that the real necessity for hard, earnest toil is in no way diminished because men may be surrounded by comfort and luxury.

This agrees with the teachings of the wisest writer of the ages: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." It has been the doctrine of all philosophers and all literature from the beginning; hence, if a man, wealthy or poor, wishes to rise above mere existence, he must work with all the force within him, for only through labor and virtue can permanent good result.

The history of the Latter-day Saints is an illustration of the strenuous life and its inevitable results. Where is there a mightier example of toil and effort, of labor and strife, hardship and bitter sacrifice! and where a more "splendid, ultimate triumph!"

Young men who have partaken of the ease and luxury of this triumph must not forget, however, that the very fact that they

have fewer difficulties to overcome, places upon them a heavier responsibility. The pioneers and founders toiled out of necessity; but to accomplish permanent good, their children must labor out of choice. Every man among us who is not doing his best, notwithstanding he is not pushed to it by necessity, is not doing his full duty. He who merely seeks easy peace, walking not in the way of that "splendid ultimate triumph," is ignobly surrendering his life and the cause of the fathers, to failure. He should pray that the lesson of Church and President may be brought home to his heart with force, so that, with them, he may feel and know that the way to progress and success is "through difficulties."

A WAY TO BUILD HOME AND CHARACTER.

In the address of welcome, at the late October semi-annual conference of the Church, President Joseph F. Smith referred to several important themes, and gave some practical every-day instructions, suitable to the growth and progress of the saints, and directed against various evils that exist among the people. These topics were treated by following speakers during the conference. Among the texts he mentioned were the prevalence of blasphemy and Sabbath-breaking, the chewing and smoking of tobacco, and the drinking of strong drinks. It was said, and with much truth we greatly regret to say, that all these evils were indulged in by many of the young men of Zion.

As before stated in these columns, the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. some weeks ago adopted the following resolution which every association should present to its membership for approval. When that is done, each individual member should determine in his own heart to comply therewith, and in order that he may not forget his covenant, it would be well to copy the words and keep them where they can be read every day. It will help build his character.

Here is the resolution: "Resolved, that all M. I. A. officers and members shall make special effort this season to inculcate reverence for the Deity, and labor against the sins of blasphemy and profanity."

In this connection, the following incident, related by a writer in *Success*, is well worth preserving in like manner. It will perhaps aid you in forming another resolution which, if kept, will help to build your home, and also make you a man of better character. The writer relates that a short time ago, a young man was complaining to a friend of poverty, and his inability to save money.

"How much do you spend for luxuries?" asked his friend.

"Luxuries!" answered the young man, "if by luxuries you mean cigars and a few drinks, I don't average—including an occasional cigar or cocktail for a friend,—over six dollars a week. Most of the boys spend more; but I make it a rule to be moderate in my expenditures."

"Ten years ago," declared the friend, "I was spending about the same amount every week for the same things, and paying thirty dollars a month for five inconvenient rooms up four flights of stairs. I had just married then, and one day I had told my wife that I so loved her that I longed to have her in a place befitting her needs and refinement. 'John,' was her reply, 'If you love me well enough to give up two things which are not only useless, but extremely harmful to you, we can, for what those things alone cost, own a pretty home in ten years.'

"She sat down by me with pencil and paper, and in less than five minutes had demonstrated that she was right. You dined with me in the suburbs the other day, and spoke of the beauty and convenience of our cottage. That cottage cost three thousand dollars, and every dollar of it was my former cigar and drink money. But I gained more than a happy wife and pretty home by this saving; I gained self-control, better health, self-respect, a truer manhood, a more permanent happiness. I desire every young man who is trying to secure pleasure through smoking and drinking, whether moderately or immoderately, to make use of his judgment, and pencil and paper, and see if he is not forfeiting in a number of directions far more than he is gaining."

The mathematical operation is very simple; fifty-two weeks in

one year; five-hundred-twenty in ten years; multiply five-hundred-twenty by the figure you foolishly spend each week: result, your net saving added to your improvement in character. If you have other evil habits besides chewing, smoking, or drinking, try similar figures on them, and observe the result. The improvement in your own character will far outweigh the money that you save, but it can, perhaps, not be shown so well in figures.

THE ERA FIVE PER CENT REBATE.

Many officers appear to have a misunderstanding concerning the rebate allowed to all associations obtaining five per cent of the Church population of their wards, as subscribers for the ERA.

This rebate is given to the *association, not to the subscriber*, and it must not be, in any instance, given to the subscriber. The rebate is intended as a reward for the loyalty and faithfulness of the association members and officers in canvassing for the ERA and obtaining subscribers, and is paid to the association for the benefit of the members, to be used for association purposes. Officers and canvassers will please remember this, and promise no rebate to any subscriber.

The rebate will be paid at the end of the season to all associations which have reached the requisite five per cent, and officers are requested not to deduct it from their remittances, as that causes great inconvenience in the office.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

FROM THE

Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations

TO

LORENZO SNOW,

General Superintendent of the Associations from October 5, 1898,
to the time of his Death, October 10, 1901.

Adopted by the General Board at its Meeting, Wednesday, October
16, 1901.

WHEREAS, in the providence of our Eternal Father, his servant, President Lorenzo Snow, for the past three years General Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, has been called into the spirit world to mingle with his brethren gone before, having completed a long life of devoted service to the cause of Truth and the salvation of mankind; and

Whereas, in the work of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations President Snow gave graciously and truly of his abundant wisdom, blessings, counsel and encouragement, to all their officers and members, and was by them and by us greatly beloved, be it

Resolved, by the officers and members of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations that in response to the universal sentiment of respect and love for him; of admiration for his noble character and grand achievements in the sphere of intellect, morals and religion, we revere his memory, and hold precious the lessons of his ministry and example among us; and that we spread this testimonial of honor and respect upon the records of the General Board, authorize their publication in the IMPROVEMENT ERA, and direct that copies of the same be presented to the family of our beloved president, with whom we deeply sympathize in their bereavement.

NOTES.

Here is some good advice which came in a letter from a father, who is one of the leaders in the Church, to his son who was attending the Brigham Young Academy. It applies to other sons and other schools: "I want you, my son, to remember all your duties, first among which is remembrance of the Lord. Don't forget your prayers, morning or evening; and do not associate with any who have not sufficient self-respect to behave like good Latter-day Saints and good citizens. Every person who can consistently be called a good Latter-day Saint, can as consistently be called a good citizen. A faithful member of the Church could not be a bad citizen, a bad associate, a bad neighbor, or an unwholesome associate; and, on the other hand, a bad citizen cannot be a good Latter-day Saint. I desire that you will remember that 'Mormonism,' as it is called, is of more value to me, and should be to you and to all men, than all the wealth of the world or the honors of men, for it is the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Of the possibilities for advancement and useful careers for the youth of this country, who are honest, determined and not afraid to work, the life of J. G. Nicolay, author and private secretary to President Abraham Lincoln, is a striking example. He died at Washington, September 26, 1901, a venerable man of seventy years. He was born in Essingen, Bavaria, on February 26, 1832, and came to the United States with his father in 1838. For some time he lived in Cincinnati, where he attended the public schools. Mr. Nicolay went to Springfield, Ill., in 1857, as an assistant to the secretary of state, and when Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency he became his secretary. After the election he was appointed private secretary of the President, and served in that capacity until the assassination of Lincoln. From 1865 until 1869, he was United States consul at Paris, and on his return edited for a time the *Chicago Republican*. He was marshal of the United States Supreme Court from 1872 until 1887. Mr. Nicolay was the author of a "Life of Abraham Lincoln," which he wrote in collaboration with John Hay. "The Outbreak of Rebellion" is another of his works. He also contributed to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* the biographical sketch of Abraham Lincoln.

IN LIGHTER MOOD.

Mrs. Manifold: The children will all want new boots this winter.

Mr. Manifold: New boots! They're always having new boots! I'll be hanged if I don't think that I'm the father of centipedes!

* * *

A minister was one day walking along a road, and to his astonishment he saw a crowd of little boys sitting in a ring with a small dog in the center. When he came up to them, he put the following question: "What are you doing to the dog?" One little boy said: "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it." "Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told lies." There was silence for a while until one of the boys shouted out: "Hand him up the dog."

* * *

The *Chicago Record* tells a story which reads like a queer negation of the good old injunction, "Honor to whom honor is due."

A peculiar telegraphic correspondence was carried on between the capitals of Saxony, Bohemia and Russia. Some one in Dresden had a maiden aunt who was taken sick and died in a hospital at Prague while on her way to Vienna.

The nephew was notified, and he telegraphed to the Prague hospital authorities to send the body to Dresden, for intombment in the family vault.

When the coffin arrived and was opened, it was found to contain, not the body of the aunt, but that of a uniformed and bedizened Russian general. Immediately the nephew telegraphed to Prague:

"No dead aunt, but Russian general. Where dead aunt?"

From Prague came the reply: "If dead aunt not arrived, then Petersburg."

The next telegram went to the railway authorities at St. Petersburg, and read:

"What do with Russian general? Where is dead aunt?"

And from St. Petersburg was received the reply:

"Bury general in all silence. Aunt just buried here with military honors."

OUR WORK.

GRADING.

The matter of grading—or dividing the associations into senior and junior classes,—is of great importance, and wherever it can be done to advantage should be attended to promptly, and with that care and wisdom that should govern in a subject so important. The conditions should be carefully studied, and the needs of grading should be emphasized by officers who comprehend its necessity. A few suggestions named at the late conventions are in place: In the matter of age, do not draw too strict a line. But quickness of mind is not sufficient reason for placing a boy in the senior class. Some may be quick-minded, but are not mature, and it should be remembered that maturity of mind is the chief qualification for the senior class. If a boy or young man has completed previous manuals, he should belong to the senior class. In making the division, it is well to allow the boys themselves to select their grade, after fully explaining the course of study. After this, however, the class leaders must exercise their judgment, and no young man whose self-respect is what it should be will oppose them in making such changes as they may think necessary.

The preliminary program should be rendered conjointly by the two classes, where this is practicable. In case the young ladies meet with the young men for opening exercises, privilege should be given them to take part in the program, should they so desire. In such case, a conjoint committee should prepare the program. It must be distinctly understood, however, that these preliminary programs are prepared for the young men's associations only, and are in no sense obligatory upon the young ladies, unless it is agreeable and desirable on their part to join in them.

In case an association remains ungraded, the current Manual No. 5 should be used; but where grading is adopted, the junior class should

use Manual No. 1, "The Life of Christ," and the senior class Manual No. 5 on "The Principles of the Gospel."

It is the belief of the General Board that much good will result from the grading of the associations. Many men of maturer years will join, when it is discovered that they may belong to a class specially adapted to their capacities of reasoning and research; and it will likewise increase the interest and attendance of the younger members who may in such case have the lessons explained to them in a way that will impress their youthful minds. The necessity of grading, even in smaller associations, should be emphasized, and classification encouraged.

GENERAL M. I. A. MISSIONARIES.

Fifty-eight general mutual improvement missionaries responded to the call made of them to go out into the stakes of Zion on a mission covering five or six months, to labor in the interest of the young people, as messengers of salvation. They met with the missionary committee, who instructed them in their duties and labors, in four meetings, held in the assembly hall of the Latter-day Saints University, at Salt Lake City, on October 7th and 8th. On the evening of the 8th there was an enjoyable social attended by the committee, the missionaries and members of the General Board, at which refreshments were served interspersed with songs, and some excellent violin solos by Prof. Wm. C. Clive, accompanied on the piano by his son. Several short speeches were given. The object of the gathering was to cultivate brotherly sociability, bid the missionaries a pleasant good-by, and send them to their fields of labor in a joyful mood. Following are their names, their home stakes, and the stakes in which they were appointed to labor:

NAMES.	FROM.	APPOINTED TO.
Joseph Payne	Alberta	Beaver
Henry Larsen	Bannock	
Jos. S. Robison	Bear Lake	Wayne
John H. Grimmett	Bear Lake	Teton
Joseph Facer	Box Elder	Snowflake
David N. White	Box Elder	Parowan
Anthon Ed. Anderson	Cache	Tooele
Lewis D. King	Cassia	Alberta
Ezra C. Robinson	Davis	Maricopa
Joseph N. Ford	Davis	Benson
Newell K. Beal	Emery	Morgan

John Barrett	Granite	Kanab
Madison M. Fisher	Granite	St. Joseph
Barton Brough	Juab	Wasatch
Anson B. Call	Juarez	Star Valley
George S. Romney	Juarez	Panguitch
Wandle M. Mace	Kanab	Davis
Israel H. Heaton	Kanab	Nebo
Frank T. Burns	Malad	Weber
Israel Rogers	Maricopa	Weber
Willard C. Knight	Morgan	Granite
Morris J. Martell	Nebo	Box Elder
William Evans	Nebo	Summit
Henry E. Gardner	Nebo	Juarez
Sidney Sanderson	North Sanpete	Emery
Wm. J. Henderson, Jr.	Panguitch	Oneida
Walter C. Mitchell	Parowan	Union
Lehi A. Thorley	Parowan	Big Horn
Joseph A. Brim	Pocatello	St. George
B. W. Henderson	Pocatello	Sevier
Luther Terry	St. George	North Sanpete
Morris Wilson	St. George	Bingham
Wm. J. Burk	St. Johns	North Sanpete
J. A. Bigelow	St. Johns	St. George
Wilfred T. Webb	St. Joseph	Cache
John Hoopes	St. Joseph	Nebo
Frank Snow	Salt Lake	St. Johns
F. J. Adams	San Juan	Pocatello
James P. Jensen	San Luis	Bannock
John L. Fish	Snowflake	Malad
C. E. Owens	Snowflake	Hyrum
Frederick Swalberg	South Sanpete	San Luis
Wilford Hyde	Star Valley	Alpine
Thomas F. Burton	Star Valley	Alberta
Thomas Rowberry	Tooele	Uintah
J. Warren Johnson	Uintah	Wasatch
James C. Hacking	Uintah	Bear Lake
Geo. Wm. Meldrum	Utah	
John A. Wootton	Wasatch	Cassia
Geo. W. Daybell	Wasatch	Juab
Wm. G. Meeks	Wayne	Beaver .
John C. Jacobs	Wayne	Granite

Lewis Adams	Wayne	Bear Lake
Joseph E. Wright	Weber	Millard
John Young	Woodruff	Fremont
James Yardley	Beaver	Bingham
Charles Swallow	Millard	Malad
John Houston	Panguitch	Jordan
W. L. McAllister	Salt Lake	San Juan
Moses Jorgensen	Cache.	South Sanpete

Henry Larsen and George Wm. Meldrum received no appointments, for the reason that Elder Larsen was sick, and Elder Meldrum was excused until December.

These brethren, who are besides the apostles, members of the missionary committee and visiting presidents of stakes and other leading elders, assisted in setting the missionaries apart: Apostles John Henry Smith, Matthias F. Cowley, Abraham O. Woodruff, Rudger Clawson, Elders J. Golden Kimball, Frank Y. Taylor, Thomas Hull, Joseph W. McMurrin, William H. Smart, O. N. Stohl, W. W. Burton, Joseph A. McRae, Anthony W. Ivins, Geo. C. Naegle and E. D. Woolley.

The missionaries carried the following letter of introduction to stake authorities and officers. It is worthy of note that this was the last official signature of President Lorenzo Snow, and the first and only signature of the new First Presidency. It bears date of October 9, but was signed on the evening of the 8th.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Oct. 9, 1901.

To Presidents of Stakes, Bishops of Wards, and Stake and Ward Officers of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations,

DEAR BRETHREN:

Elder—— has been duly called, set apart and appointed as a missionary to labor among the young men of Zion, and is fully authorized and equipped to engage in that work. We desire that stake presidents and bishops of wards will give him their entire and hearty support and influence in making his mission a perfect success.

He comes to your stake with full authority in this mission, and we expect the Stake Superintendent to go with him, or send with him one of his counselors or aids, to visit all the associations, and also see that arrangements are made for his entertainment in the various wards, and for his transportation from place to place.

Your brethren,

LORENZO SNOW.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

RUDGER CLAWSON.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY THOMAS HULL, GENERAL SECRETARY OF Y. M. M. I. A.

LOCAL—*September 19*—The day was observed as a holiday, and the houses of worship everywhere were attended by throngs who mourned the country's loss and paid tribute to the memory of our martyred President William McKinley.....Dorothea Gad Twede, born in Denmark, aged 84 years, died in Salt Lake City.....20—The Elks street fair and carnival at Salt Lake was inaugurated with an imposing parade, headed by Queen M. Mabelle Snow and her maids of honor.....The Marcus Daly estate pays the state an inheritance tax of \$131,407.44.....21—A jury was today obtained in Logan in the Abe Majors murder case.22—Gen. Wm. J. Palmer, and Geo. Foster Peabody, formerly president and vice-president of the Rio Grande Western, donate \$50,000 to the heirs of the killed in the Scofield disaster, \$10,000 each to the Holy Cross and St. Marks hospitals, and \$20,000 for emergency hospitals, at the Pleasant Valley coal mines.....23—The Oregon Short Line authorized a new shop plant at Pocatello.....The trial of Abe Majors began in Logan, Dr. Rich of Ogden being the first witness.....25—The school population (5 to 20 years inclusive) of Utah is given by the Census Bureau as 106,513; males, 53,138, females, 53,375; there are 53,755 persons of military age..... Elizabeth Westwood, age 93, died in Salt Lake City.....John Ellis, born England 73 years ago, died in Ogden. He came to Utah with the hand cart company of 1856.....28—The gross receipts for the fifteen presidential postoffices in Utah for the fiscal year just ended were \$230,392; against \$197,979 for the preceding year.....The Elks' fair closed, and \$9,000 were made for their new building..... Col. J. H. Haverly, a former well-known minstrel, died at St. Marks..... 29—several noted ministers, Dr. Edgar Jacobs, Lord Bishop of Newcastle, Rev. Gailor of Tennessee, Rev. Dudley of Kentucky, and Bishop

Tuttle of New York, spoke at a large meeting in the theatre. They are on the way to the Episcopal convention in San Francisco.....30—The mining dividends for September were, \$304,500; stock sales, 1,837,-607 shares for \$1,603,602.42; ore and bullion settlements, \$1,917,815.

October 1—The D. A. and M. Society state fair opened, addresses being made by Gov. Wells, Prest. N. A. Empey, and ex-President John R. Winder. The display is very attractive.....The seventh annual meeting of the Utah medical society convened in Provo.....William G. Baker, born London, June 10, 1835, who came to Utah in 1847, died in Richfield, Sevier Co.....2—J. A. Wright is tendered and accepts the chair of horticulture at the State Agricultural College, Logan.....I. A. E. Lyon is elected President of the State Medical Society, vice J. W. Aird, retired.....3—Sarah Gray, born Ireland, June 11, 1804, came to Utah in 1854, died of old age in Provo.....The Oregon Short Line announced having leased three floors of the new *Deseret News* building for ten years, for its general offices.....The Woman's Relief Society met in conference in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake, the first meeting being devoted to memorial services in honor of the late president, Zina D. H. Young.....4—After being out nine and one-half hours, the jury in Abe Majors case at Logan, brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree. The case occupied four weeks in trial, and cost the state and Box Elder county between three and four thousand dollars.....The seventy-second semi-annual conference opens in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, President Joseph F. Smith presiding, owing to the illness of President Snow.....5—The State Fair closed. There were 22,504 paid admissions, or about 2,400 less than in 1900. The fair was the best in point of quality of any before held in Utah.....John Farrell of Weber County, born Scotland, Jan. 13, 1834, died in Eden.....6—The conference closed today. There was an unusually large attendance. President Snow spoke at 2 p. m. Apostle Rudger Clawson was chosen second counselor in the First Presidency and Joseph F. Smith was sustained as first.....7—Patrick Phelan, a pioneer miner, aged 70, died in Salt Lake City.....The base ball games closed, the second series between Salt Lake and Ogden being won by the former, who get the \$500 prize.....8—The Salt Lake City Council adopted a resolution to close saloons on Sunday.....Abe Majors was by Judge Hart sentenced to prison for life for the murder of Capt. W. A. Brown.....Five thousand wild, worthless horses on the range near Kanab and Panguitch will be rounded up and disposed of by the farmers.....9—The Democrats of Salt Lake placed in nomination the following ticket: Mayor, James C. Leary; City Judges,

Morris Sommer and Mathonihah Thomas; City Treasurer, R. P. Morris; City Auditor, Douglas A. Swan; City Recorder, Edward L. Sloan; City Attorney, Frank B. Stephens.....10—The Ogden Republicans nominated this city ticket: Mayor, William Glassman; Recorder, W. J. Critchlow; Auditor, Mrs. W. A. Brown; Treasurer, R. A. Moyes; Judge, Albert Howell; Attorney, John E. Bagley.....President Lorenzo Snow died at 3:35 p. m.....11—Harriet Snarr, born England, June 5, 1820, came to Utah, 1854, died in Salt Lake City.....12—The Presbyterian Synod of Utah, Idaho and Wyoming, in session in Ogden, pass a resolution calling for national legislation to stamp out polygamy.....13—All the saloons in Salt Lake were closed in conformity with the Sunday closing order.....The remains of President Lorenzo Snow lay in state at the Bee Hive where thousands viewed the remains. The tabernacle was packed with people at the funeral services, who listened to tributes from Apostles Merrill, Young, John Henry Smith, Taylor, Clawson and President Joseph F. Smith. The interment was in Brigham, where the greatest procession in the history of the city followed the remains to the cemetery. The Oregon Short Line ran a special carrying the remains and several car loads of Salt Lake people.....14—The Republicans of Salt Lake City nominated the following city ticket: Mayor, Ezra Thompson; Judges, C. B. Diehl and H. S. Tanner; Auditor, A. S. Reiser; Treasurer, R. B. Whittemore; Recorder, J. O. Nystrom; Attorney, George L. Nye.....15—C. E. Loose was nominated by the Republicans of Provo for mayor..... John W. Young pays Utah a flying visit.....16—The Ogden Democrats nominated this city ticket: Mayor, Joseph Scowcroft; Recorder, Geo. H. Islaub; Auditor, Lizette E. Miller; Treasurer, B. H. Goddard; Attorney, H. R. McMillan; City Judge, Elijah Farr.....Oliver G. Snow was by Judge Hall appointed special administrator of the estate of Lorenzo Snow.....The pupils enrolled in Utah public schools numbered 73,052; with an average attendance of 50,595, for 1900-1901. Total cost: \$1,446,306.....17—Joseph F. Smith is chosen and set apart President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and he selects John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund his counselors. Brigham Young was sustained as President of the Twelve Apostles.....Ezra T. Clark, born in Lawrence, Ill., November 23, 1823, came to Utah in 1848, died in Farmington.....18—The Salt Lake *Tribune* passed into the control of a new company with Perry S. Heath at its head. P. H. Lannan and C. C. Goodwin retire from the Utah newspaper field.George J. Gould and a company of railway men arrive in Salt Lake.

DOMESTIC—*September 18*—In response to the request of President Roosevelt, the cabinet members decide to retain their portfolios..... Thousands view the remains of President McKinley as they lie in state in the courthouse at Canton, Ohio.....19—With majestic solemnity all that was mortal of William McKinley the third martyr president, was committed to the grave in Canton, surrounded by thousands and in the presence of the President of the United States, his cabinet, justices of the supreme court, senators and representatives, and other high government officials, and officers of the army and navy.....20—The first meeting of the cabinet with President Roosevelt is held.....21—Senators and Representatives call on President Roosevelt and extend him good wishes.....Hubert L. Bridgman who conducted the Peary arctic relief expedition returned to New York with Mrs. Peary and her eight-year-old daughter. He says Peary is on Cape Hecla 500 miles from the pole, from whence he will start north next April.....22—From expert report it is decided that the bullets fired by the President's assassin were not poisoned.....23—The trial of the assassin Czolgosz began in Buffalo. Judges Lewis and Titus, of national reputation, having been appointed to defend him.....The Nebraska insane asylum burned, three inmates perishing in the flames.....24—Judge Jeremiah M. Wilson, chief counsel for Admiral Schley, dies suddenly at Washington.....After a trial of eight hours and twenty-six minutes, covering a period of two days, Leon F. Czolgosz, President McKinley's assassin, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.....26—Czolgosz was sentenced to be electrocuted in the Auburn state prison, during the week beginning October 28..... News from Manila by General Chaffee reports Company C 9th U. S. Infantry almost annihilated by insurgents, who were known as pacificos, and who had taken the oath, at Balansia, Southern Samar; out of seventy-two, only twenty-four escaped. Three commissioned officers were killed.

October 1—The United States has 4,254 national banks with a capital of \$661,851,695.....E. H. Harriman assumed the presidency of the Southern Pacific Railway.....The Episcopalian Convention opens in San Francisco.....3—The second race between *Columbia* and *Shamrock II* resulted in defeat for the latter, insuring the cup for America.....3—Miss Helen M. Stone, American missionary in Turkey, and her companion, Mme. Tsilka, who were kidnapped September 3, by brigands, are held in ransom for \$121,000; the government at Washington has taken the matter in hand.....4—*Columbia* defeats the *Shamrock II* in the third race of the 12th

international series, by forty-two seconds.....8—Every effort is made by the state department to save Miss Stone, the kidnapped missionary, and private subscriptions amount to over \$50,000..... Marquis Ito of Japan spoke at St. Paul on America in the Orient..... 9—Rear Admiral Schley having reached the age limit of sixty-two years, was placed on the Navy retired list.....12—It is reported that a reign of terror prevails in Nome.....13—The ransom for Miss Stone, is now ready.....Pat Crowe, the kidnapper of Eddie Cudahy, offers to surrender on certain conditions.....15—The American Bankers Association is in session at Milwaukee..... 16—Organizations are forming in all parts of the country to aid the McKinley National Memorial Association, whose purpose it is to erect a tomb for the martyred President at Canton.....18—Senator Kearns has an interview on Utah affairs with President Roosevelt.....M. M. Steele of Utah is appointed route inspector in the Rural Free Delivery service, and Miss Mary Magee, a clerk in the census office.....Ten American soldiers were killed by Bolomen and six wounded on the island of Samar, all of the 9th Infantry.

FOREIGN—*October* 18—The czar of Russia lands at Dunkirk, France, and is welcomed by President Loubet.....19—*Cobra*, a British torpedo boat destroyer, is lost with seventy-nine persons in the north sea, only twelve of whom were saved.....21—The czar left France after having reviewed 140,000 troops on the Plain of Bethany with President Loubet.....29—The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, who are visiting Canada, rode through the Rocky and Selkirk mountains on the Canadian Pacific, and reached Vancouver.....General Kitchener places the responsibility of the prolongation of the African war on the Burghers, and asks for 25,000 more soldiers.

October 1—The Duke of Cornwall, the prospective Prince of Wales, and his wife, the Duchess, were warmly received at Victoria, B. C..... 2—At a battle with the Boers at Moedevill, S. A., the British had two officers and thirty-one men killed.....8—Abdur Rahman Kahn, ameer of Afghanistan, died at Cabul on the 3rd.....9—Martial law is proclaimed in Cape Colony.....10—Forty vessels were reported sunk on the North Sea in recent storms, and many lives were lost.....12—Prominent men of science in all the world joined in the celebration in Berlin of Professor Virchow's 80th birthday.

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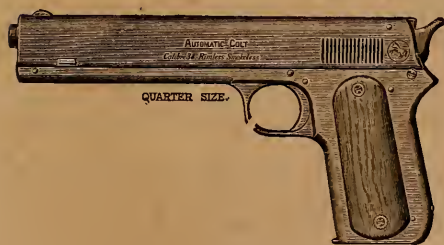
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